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EDITED BY
ANGUS SINCLAIR



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Number 7

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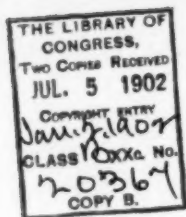
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THE AUTOMOBILE MAGAZINE

VOL. IV

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The First Steam Carriage

BY ANGUS SINCLAIR

TO people who are familiar with the advancement in the arts and sciences made by ancient nations, it seems strange that the potential power of fuels was not utilized among them to lighten or carry the burdens of mankind. Some progress had been made centuries before the Christian era began in doing work by means of steam; but its application was very limited, and the action of the steam engine was hidden as a mystery, to excite the wonder of the multitude.

Reference to what were undoubtedly early forms of steam engines are repeatedly found in the Old Testament, but steam is called smoke or air, which has prevented people from identifying the real object referred to. Two hundred years before the birth of Christ, Hero of Alexandria wrote a book in which he described an engine that performed work by the vapor from water, otherwise steam. Hero was not the inventor of the eolipile, as the apparatus was called, but was merely the historian describing useful and curious inventions. It is very likely that the engine had been long in use, and that Job refers to it when he says: "Out of his mouth go burning lamps, and sparks of fire leap out. Out of his nostrils goeth smoke, as out of a seething pot or caldron."

The eolipile, which worked by the reaction of steam against the atmosphere, was used up to comparatively modern times, and the philosopher, Bacon, was familiar with it, and proposed utilizing the power of steam for the draining of mines. His scheme, which was suggested by the eolipile, was considered of so much import-

ance that King James I of England called together a parliament to consider it. The death of Bacon ended his proposed enterprises and the details of his inventions are lost.

Shortly after the death of Bacon, Giovanni Branca, an Italian, obtained a patent on an improved steam engine, in which motion was produced by a current of steam impinging upon the vanes of a horizontal wheel. That was an improvement upon the eolipile, and was the prototype of the steam turbine which has achieved so many triumphs in the transmission of power within the last few years.

The operation of eolipiles and of improvements effected upon that form of steam apparatus did not have much effect upon the invention of the modern steam engine. Their most potent influence was in keeping before the scientific world the possibilities of steam. What proved for many centuries an insuperable barrier to progress was the want of harness to resist the force of expanding steam and thereby produce work. For many long years philosophers and scientific investigators could think of no better way to produce motion for steam than its reaction against the atmosphere, which offered so little resistance that its effect was too light for obtaining much useful work. The invention of Branca had the germ of a practical steam engine; but the inventors who were laboring to harness steam to the toil of industry failed to perceive that some simple changes, to direct and control the steam as it was applied to the wheel, would produce a steam engine that would rival in efficiency those developed a century and a half later by James Watt.

During the speculative period of the steam engine high hopes were entertained for it as a means of helping to annihilate distance. "To fly with the wings of a dove" was long a world-wide poetic yearning with those whose hearts longed to reach loved ones or distant homes without the tedious delay of medieval transportation. Sir Isaac Newton shared the desire for accelerated travel, but the most desirable improvement that his master mind could conceive was a chariot run by a jet of steam impinging against the atmosphere. Speedy land carriage would have waited to all eternity had nothing better than the steam jet been invented for producing motive power. The work of two unlearned mechanics, in applying a piston to work inside of a cylinder, supplied the steam yoke which the world had long been waiting for. After Newcomen and Calley demonstrated the utility of the piston, there have

always been a cloud of inventors ready to work on the perfecting of the steam.

The long hoped for fiery chariot, which was going to bring the ends of the earth together, was long in coming after the steam engine had achieved great success in pumping water and in turning the wheels of industry. The condensing engine, which introduced steam as a popular means of motive power, was a ponderous, slow moving giant. It had the motion of the turtle, and witnessing its action paralyzed inventors who wished to impart the speed of the hare to road vehicles by means of steam. The French engineer Cugnot had the enterprise to design a form of steam engine that was suitable for locomotion, and shortly afterward Oliver Evans, our American inventor, produced the high pressure, high speed engine which was the pioneer of transportation motive power. But Cugnot and Evans lived in countries that had not been infected with "steam engine infatuation." Great Britain was nursing a monopoly of that contagion, and the people had got over the practice of throwing rocks at steam inventors. A man with an improved form of steam engine was likely to receive a patient hearing, if it could be had anywhere, and so the first persistent attempts to apply the steam engine to land transportation were made in England.

The first man to build a steam carriage for the transportation of passengers on common roads, was Richard Trevithick, an English engineer of inventive tendencies and erratic business habits. Wood, in his "Treatise on Railroads," published in 1832, says that Trevithick copied drawings of a high-pressure steam engine sent from America by Oliver Evans, and proceeded to apply it on a steam carriage.

Although the people of England were enthusiastically in favor of the work done by steam engines housed in mills and pumping stations, they drew the line on rattling, smoke-exuding steam engines traveling on the public highway; and Trevithick's steam carriage would have been stoned to pieces by the indignant rustics if it had held together long enough to make regular trips. In some people it excited blind hatred as all innovations have done among narrow-minded people up to the present time. Others regarded the machine with terror.

The story is told that when he was making one of his first runs in the steam carriage, Trevithick came to a toll-gate and stopped to pay the charges. "What is to pay?" he demanded of

the frightened toll keeper, who stood with his mouth agape, shaking with fright. "What is to pay?" roared Trevithick, getting impatient. "Nothing, Mr. Devil," gasped the toll man, "if you will only go and leave me here."

The intelligence of the toll man was not much below that of the average Englishman in 1803, and it is not to be wondered at that the first steam carriage proved a failure. Other failures followed in succeeding years, and the promoters of railways had to fight the battles against hostile and belligerent prejudice that violently opposed all forms of peripatetic, power-driven vehicles. The railway train brought tardy tolerance of the automobile, but the narrow-minded human beings, in common with their fellow feeling creatures, dogs and monkeys, still oppose the movement of vehicles by anything not graced with a tail.

It Was An Even Break

"When I heard the auto horn, I just stood on my rights and refused to move over on the side of the road and let the fellow in a little steam runabout pass. At the same time I told him that if he ran into me I'd smash his machine."

"Well?"

"I kept my word. He ran into me, and I smashed the machine."

"What did he do?"

"He gathered it together."

"But to you?"

"Oh," sadly, "they gathered me together, too."





The A. C. A. No-Stop Century



"Why have you got those 'blinders' on?"
"I'm an observer."

IT was an odd mixture of progress and patriotism, motors and militia, the old and the new, which marked the start of the Automobile Club of America's endurance run to Southport, Conn. and return on Decoration Day.

To the onlooker the contrast between the masked and leathered automobilist, and the bearded and banded war veteran as they met and passed each other on New York's famous Fifth avenue, told the story of how rapidly the world has progressed in the last few decades better than a volume could have done.

To compete with bands, brigades and uniforms, and yet to hold its own with a holiday, sight-seeing public was a severe test for the automobile, yet it did not suffer therefrom, the illustrations herewith giving excellent proof of this.

As early as eight o'clock the entrants began assembling in the plaza upon which fronts the Automobile Club. The picture was one which has not yet become so familiar as to rob it of all attraction for the curious. Men begoggled, besmeared and bedraggled, tinkered and tended automobiles big and little. Steam hissed, motors chug, chugged and the odor of gasolene was insistently everywhere.

Important looking gentlemen, with silken bands upon their arms, which betokened their committee membership, interviewed vehicle owners and entered the result of the interview in portentous

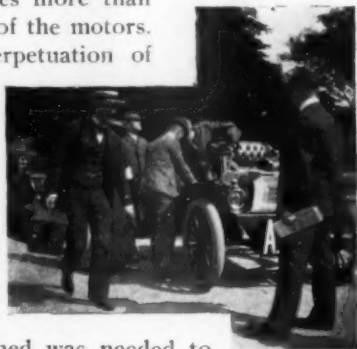


looking volumes. Observers with badges as large as soup plates were sprinkled plentifully through the crowd like white currants in a machinery cake.

There was a spirit of I'll-do-it-or-bust! plainly in evidence among those who were to drive the vehicles, and the spirit shown fiercest whenever the driver found himself within the focus of a camera. As the num-

ber of camera operators far exceeded the subjects for their focusing, the strain upon the vehicle operators was intense though none seemed to either resent the fact or to relax the severity of countenance which every true endurancer considers as a most essential part of this parade makeup. Before the start was finally made the camera corps had become so large and so aggressive that the snapping of the picture boxes more than held its own with the explosions of the motors. It was a great day for the perpetuation of vanity, and neither the perpetrators or the perpetuated lost a single opportunity to get their money's worth.

Down in the basement of the club's building men entered plain, ordinary looking citizens and eventually emerged important officials. Nothing but the soup plate badge before mentioned was needed to work the change. Great is the power of the badge! Dame Fortune had been advertised as the distributor of these badges, but subsequent developments led to the belief that the lady must have declined the task and Dame Favor had been given her place. It cannot be said that the latter did not perform her part in a way eminently satisfactory to those competitors who believed the tediousness of a hundred mile journey is greatly lightened by having your personal friend and your official observer combined into a single individual. As to the wisdom of such a method, that is a thing which the officials of the



Automobile Club apparently did not care to discuss, though there were not lacking quite a number of non-members who were not equally so reticent.

With a promptness which is one of the most commendable features of all affairs promoted by the Automobile Club of America the first of the vehicles was sent on its way to Southport, Conn. 50 miles distant, to which and return constituted the hundred mile course over which the run was made.

Recent actions by the Automobile Club and the Long Island Club were fresh in the minds of the scorching brigade, and it was a foregone conclusion that they would not forget them. They did not. From the beginning to the end there was

no racing or excessive speeding at any part of the journey, nor was there any striving for fancied positions of advantage in the line.

Few of the competitors were compelled to stop during the entire trip, and such stops as were made were principally in the interests of safety to the public.

No runaways of fractious horses were caused, and in more than one instance a considerate competitor forfeited his position in order to aid drivers in educating timid animals in the harmlessness of the motor vehicle.

Taken as a whole the course was an ideal one for a continuous run. There were not lacking a goodly number of short, steep hills along with some long, heavy grades to ascend and descend; there were short level





stretches of fine macadam, there were sections of gravel and rock, and more than all, there was dust.

Outward bound, the wind was with the drivers, but incoming it was against them. Throughout the journey the course was lined at cross-roads and in towns with interested spectators. At Stamford and Green-

wich, Conn., the crowds were particularly large.

The route was by way of Fifth avenue, Central Bridge, Fordham, Bartow, Hunter's Island, New Rochelle, Larchmont, Mamaroneck, Rye, Greenwich, Mianus, Stamford, Norwalk and Westport to Southport. The return was over the same ground.

Excepting for the delays demanded by safety or the law, or by tire trouble, the competition was stop and out. Certificates were the prizes, and in order to qualify for these, vehicles propelled by gasoline were required to make the journey without a stop, save under the conditions named.

The average speed was to be not less than eight or more than fifteen miles an hour. For steam vehicles controls were established at $33\frac{1}{2}$ and $66\frac{1}{2}$ miles where the tanks were to be refilled with gasoline and water.

Of fifty-five vehicles that entered and started thirty-eight were propelled by gasoline, sixteen by steam and one by storage battery.



It was twenty minutes of four o'clock when the first vehicle home, a nine horse power Darracq, driven by F. A. La Roche, arrived back at the starting point, while closely following in the order named came Charles D. Cooke in a twin carriage to the La Roche one and H. W. Whipple in a twelve horse power Packard.

When the table of the winning vehicles is studied closely the only startling thing is the exceptional economy in fuel and water, shown by the three White steamers, which were the only steam vehicles entered in direct competition with the gasoline ones.

That is, these steamers asked no odds of the gasoline carriages, and showed that a trip of a hundred miles without a stop for fuel or water was as easy for them as for the explosive engine types. These wonderful little steamers went the hundred miles on an average consumption of 7.08 gallons of gasoline and 8.25 gallons of water.

Just what this White performance means is better appreciated when compared with the eight steam vehicles which finished the test under conditions permitting them to stop and take on water when 33½ and 66½ miles respectively had been covered. These eight vehicles consumed on an average of 13.21 gallons of gasoline and 95.40 gallons of water. In other words, they used twice as much fuel and ten and a half times as much water as the White vehicles.

The following vehicles ran the 100 miles without a stop, save such as the rules provided for, and were awarded certificates of the first class:



Maker.	Entered by.	H.P.	Weight.	Consumption of		
				No. of lenc.	Gasolene.	Water.
				Pgms.	gals.	gals.
Geo. N. Pierce Co.	Percy P. Pierce	3½	1,130	2	4	
U. S. Long Distance	A. J. Lamme	7	1,660	2	4½	
A. Darracq & Co	Chas. D. Cooke	9	1,560	2	5	
A. Darracq & Co	F. A. LaRoche	9	1,750	2	4½	
Ohio Automobile Co.	H. W. Whipple	12	3,020	4	6½	
Mors	Jefferson Seligman	12	2,900	5	7	
Georges-Richards	C. J. Field	10-12	2,000	4	8	
Georges-Richards	Alex. Fisher	10-22	2,000	4	7	
Autocar Co.	Wm. Horgan	8½	1,500	2	5	
De Dion-Bouton Co.	J. F. Hovestadt	4½	1,225	2	6	
Fournier-Searchmont Motor Co.	E. B. Gallaher	8	2,450	2	7	
Fournier-Searchmont Motor Co.	E. B. Gallaher	8	2,430	2	8½	
Haynes-Apperson Co.	Haynes-Apperson Co.	6	1,000	2	5	
Knox Automobile Co.	Knox Automobile Co.	6	1,650	2	7	
Knox Automobile Co.	Knox Automobile Co.	6	1,710	2	6	
Knox Automobile Co.	Knox Automobile Co.	6	1,700	2	7	
Fournier-Searchmont Co.	R. A. Greene	8	2,350	2	8½	
*White Sewing Mach. Co.	P. H. Denning	6	1,750	2	6½	6
*White Sewing Mach. Co.	Windsor T. White	6	1,750	2	5½	6
*White Sewing Mach. Co.	Morris R. Hughes	6	1,750	2	9	9.75
Prescott Automobile Mfg. Co.	H. M. Wells	4½	1,650	2	14	79.5
Overman Automobile Co.	Overman Automobile Co.	4½	1,700	2	10½	84.75
Prescott Automobile Mfg. Co.	W. H. Wells	4½	1,700	2	13¼	85.5
Locomobile Co. of America	Locomobile Co. of America	3½	1,620	2	10	89.25
Lane Motor Veh. Co.	Lane Motor Veh. Co.	10	2,100	3	15½	93.25
Locomobile Co. of America	F. W. Lebing	3½	1,780	2	16	103.5
Grout Bros.	Grout Bros	4½	1,300	2	12½	113.15
Locomobile Co. of America	Locomobile Co. of America	3½	1,925	2	13½	114.75

*Class B, Section II, under strictly non-stop rules.

When the Major Surrendered

MINNIE HOOVER-MACKENZIE

"NO, my boy, let women stick to horses, ponies preferably, but don't encourage them in believing that they can turn mechanics and retain the charms which are theirs by right."

Major Ashley, after delivering himself of this dictum, leaned lazily back in the comfortable wicker chair he was occupying on the Country Club piazza, and watched the painstaking Frenchman who looked after the Major's big touring car, carefully inspecting and polishing the vehicle as it stood in front of the club resplendant in brass, enamel and nickel.

"Oh, come now, Major," said his companion, Burton Blake-more, "it isn't as bad as that! A pretty girl is still a pretty girl, whether she sits in the stern sheets of a boat on a moonlight night at Larchmont or dons leathers and scorches down Long Island at the wheel of a forty-powered racer. You know she is, Major, and when you say otherwise, I'll be hanged if I don't believe you are getting old."

The observant waiter appeared with a great silver pail, wherein reposed in its icy bed, one of those big bottles of liquid sunshine which prosaic commerce is content to unpoetically term champagne.

The Major's glass was filled, emptied and re-filled, before he answered the raillery of his host.

"I suppose it's the effect of my early training on the other side, but really, my boy, I must say that as much as I admire the American girl, and I am free to confess that I have never seen her equal in all my wanderings, yet, I can not bring myself to admiring her in her masculine moods. You know I am as fond of that big vehicle out there as I once thought I never could be of anything which did not require the care of a groom and the attention of the harness maker and the farrier, but I never would care for a woman who could put it through its paces."

Major Ashley was a retired British officer whose wanderings had brought him to New York almost twenty years back, and whose inclinations had kept him there ever since. Possessed of an income sufficient for his needs he was a favorite with men of every age, while the ambuscades of Dan Cupid that the Major had escaped from surpassed the knowledge of even the Major himself.

Perhaps it was the effects of the wine, the first bottle of which had vanished and its mate was far on its way to follow; perhaps

it was any one of a hundred other mellowing influences, but, be the cause what it may have been, the Major, for once in his life, was both reminiscent and communicative. At any rate, there on the big club house piazza with no one around but Blakemore, the man whose discretion and loyalty he had often tested and ever found to be true, the Major said:

"Give me the girl of twenty years ago, womanly, modest and pure. The automobile girl of to-day I do not care for, she is far too bold and—well—masculine."

Burton laughed heartily. "Look here, Major," he said, "I'll bet you anything you like that you will end by marrying one of that kind."

"I shall never marry at all, Burt, my boy. I have cared for but one woman in my life, and I do not think I ever shall another."

Blakemore rose and went over to the Major's side.

"Forgive me," he said, "I am afraid I have recalled some painful memory in your life. I might have guessed you had a reason for remaining single all these years."

"You are right, Burt," he replied, "by saying that you have called up a painful memory in my life, but do not apologize for doing so. Sit down, old friend, and I will tell you all about it—this memory. It is nineteen years ago," began the Major, "when I first met Alice Dean—I had just reached the age of twenty-one. She was eighteen, and very beautiful. I fell in love at first sight of her.

"She was with her mother at a garden party, where I, in all the glory of a uniform and my newly received commission, also was a guest. She wore a simple white dress, with a cluster of golden-eyed marguerites at her throat, and a large hat trimmed with the same flowers.

"After that our meetings were frequent. She used to manage to steal out in the dusk of the evenings to meet me, her cheeks all aglow with blushes.

"One evening she came, not with her usual quick, light step, but slowly and sadly, her beautiful eyes full of unshed tears.

"'Oh, Eric,' she whispered, shaking like an aspen, 'you — you and I are to be separated. My parents are forcing me into a hateful marriage with a man whom I abhor. I believe my father is in his debt, and unless I consent to be his wife my parents will be ruined and homeless.'

"My indignation knew no bounds. I refused to give her up.

"'It is a cruel sacrifice,' she said, 'yet it must be made. I cannot see my parents ruined, and glad as I know you would be to come to their aid, I know you can not do so. I must save them.'

"Then I got angry and accused her of not loving me, of being a flirt; but all the while I knew that I was wrong; knew that her whole heart was mine. She did love me truly. Yet her duty to her parents stood before her affection for me.

"We parted, both broken-hearted. I never saw her again. My aunt in Australia made me her heir, and when I had come into her property I sailed from Melbourne to America, having made up my mind never to return to England. Two years later news came to me of Alice Dean's death. She died, leaving a child—a girl, twelve months old.

"That is my 'love story,' Burt; it happened eighteen years ago. I have never loved any woman in all these years. I don't think I ever shall."

* * * * *

The Major had not slept well the previous night. Thoughts of the past had come crowding through his brain, banishing sleep until long after daybreak. Despairing of avoiding these unhappy recollections of long ago, the Major had ordered out his big touring car and 8 o'clock saw him sending it along the Merrick road at a gait which was considerably faster than the law allowed, or the Major usually permitted himself to indulge in.

The effects of the rapid and smooth moving vehicle, combined with the pure morning air and the charming scenery through which the Major was traveling, were fast sweeping away the unpleasant recollections of a sleepless night, when a turn in the road revealed a picture which ill comported with the fair landscape in which it was framed.

It was a modern rendition of beauty and the beast. A farm wagon, left without guidance by a driver, who slept upon its seat, had met an automobile. The horses had become frightened, had been reined up sharply by the suddenly awakened driver with the result that the heavy vehicle had plunged into a natty little voiturette, damaging it to such an extent that its driver had been thrown out and stood with tearful eyes gazing at the wrecked remains of what had but a few moments before been a miniature replica of the Major's own big car.

As the Major arrived he heard the driver, whose carelessness was the cause of all the trouble, roundly berating the automobilist.

A glance was enough for the Major, and when he had demonstrated to the entire satisfaction of himself and the driver of the wagon that a man who has done regular work with the boxing gloves for thirty of the forty-five years he has lived, is not just the one to insult or to play road-hog with, he turned his attention to the owner of the voiturette. The original cause of the Major's interference had somewhat hysterically been attempting to induce the Major to cease teaching manners by the impressive methods of uppercuts and straight jabs, but the Major, busy with the task in hand, had paid slight attention until a straight jolt from his left had landed on the driver's chin and temporarily deprived him of all interest in the events which were transpiring.

When the Major came to look at his fellow automobilist he was surprised to find that the little leather-jacketed and be-capped figure he had thought was that of a lad, wore skirts. It was a young girl, yet in her teens, whose cause the gallant Major had so ably championed. Ten minutes later the Major put on the brakes in front of the magnificent country house of his own banker, Oliver Beldale, and assisted the companion of his adventure to alight.

* * * * *

A month later, and once more Major Ashley and Burton Blakemore had met at the County Club.

"And to think, Burt," said the Major as he told the story of his adventure, "that the girl is my Alice's child and should have been living at Oliver Beldale's for two years as a companion to his wife! It appears, as is usually the case, that her mother's sacrifice of herself had been in vain, and dying she left her daughter Jessie, alone in the world and without friends or means to provide for her. Beldale's wife met Jessie while she and Beldale were on an automobile tour through England, and becoming interested in the girl offered her a home in this country, which Jessie was only too glad to accept. It was a Beldale voiturette which Jessie was handling when she met the road hog, who I had the pleasure of teaching some better manners to."

"Looks mighty like fate, Major," said Blakemore, with the faintest possible suspicion of a smile hovering over his face.

"She's a little darling," went on the Major, carried away with an enthusiasm which would have done credit to one half his age, "with her mother's angel face and charming ways."

"Poor little thing," sympathetically observed Blakemore, as he

pretended to be very carefully selecting a cigarette, and, having succeeded in doing so, pushed the silver case containing the rest of them over to where the Major's hand nervously tapped the table upon which it rested. "Pardon, me, Major, if I take the liberty sometimes given to an old friend and ask you a rather personal question."

"What is it?" said the Major, as he, too, suddenly seemed to find it very difficult to select one of the tiny rolls of rice paper and Turkish tobacco in the case, which bore upon its silver side the family crest of the Blakemores.

"Why don't you try and overcome your objections to a masculine woman, to one who actually drives an automobile and marry Jessie?"

When the Major was sure that he had sufficient control of himself, he answered. "It's hardly fair of you, Burt, to couple Jessie's name with my foolish speech of a while ago. It is true that she can and does handle an automobile, and she handles it mighty well, too, but in that, like everything, she is womanly, modest and sweet."

"And you are in love, Major, without a doubt. No, don't deny it. You've been a different man since the day you so fortunately made Miss Jessie's acquaintance. Accept my advice now and my congratulations in advance."

* * * * *

It was 3 o'clock when the Major, now an almost constant visitor at the Beldale establishment, was ushered into where the heroine of the accident awaited him. It wasn't the Jessie of the automobile, though, but a charming girl whose simple white frock made her, in the Major's eyes, look more like an angel and her mother than she had ever looked.

"I am so glad to see you, Major," she said, extending to him a little hand all browned from exposure, begotten of many a mile motored beneath the summer's sun. "I was feeling most dreadfully dull and certainly did not expect to see anyone this afternoon, expecting that everyone I knew had gone to the races, where Mr. Beldale expects his horse to win the big race. How is it that you did not go, Major?"

"I should have gone," answered the Major in a manner totally unlike his usually self-confident manner, "only I wanted to have you give me your advice upon a very important matter, and when I saw Mr. and Mrs. Beldale pass the club without you occupying

one of the seats in the tonneau, I concluded you had remained at home, and gave up my intended trip to the races to come here."

"Really, Major, I believe you are trying to flatter me, and I expect something better from a friend than that. I am afraid my advice would not be worth the taking by Major Ashley, but if it is, believe me I shall be only too happy to do something in return for all the kindness he has shown me. Now, please tell me all about this important affair in which I am supposed to be so much wiser than all the rest of your acquaintances, Major."

"Well," said the Major in a voice so different from his natural one that it startled even himself, "the truth is I am in love with a young lady, but I am not certain about her affection for me, and I should like you to tell me whether you really think it is possible for a girl of eighteen to love a man of forty-five?"

"If I were a man and loved a girl I should go straight to her. That is the only advice I can give you, Major."

"Then I will," said the Major, pulling himself together and becoming possessed of a little brown hand which fluttered in the Major's sinewy grasp like a bird in the snare of the hunter. "Jessie, it is you whom I love. Will you be my wife?"

Jessie did not seem at all surprised, for she put another little brown hand in equal captivity with its mate which now ceased to flutter.

"I knew it was me you meant all the while," she said, blushing. "You silly fellow!"



When Africa Autos

“GEM’LEN,” began Professor Missfire Sparker, the newly-elected president of the Africo-American Automobile Club, “de fust thing in order am to find out whar’ we am at. As I understands de case, we has got together—de elite of de cull’d populashun—an’ organized an auchomobeel club an’ we has rented dis Kerosoene Commandery Hall in which to hold our meetin’s. So far so good. De objecks of dis club may be stated as follows:

“1—To put on de same style as white folks.

“2—To secure rest and to spite de mule.

“3—To git our feet off de ground an’ gin ’em a chance to shrink.

“4—To visit de surroundin’ kentry an’ behold de scenery, an’ take pertickler notice of de locashun of chicken farms and water-millyon patches.

“5—To save ourselves payin’ a thousand dollars a ya’r fur livery bills.

“6—To discuss matters of interest at our meetin’s connected with an’ consarnin’ de auchomobeel, which has now becum one of de bulwarks of American liberty.”

After considerable discussion as to the kind of badge the club should adopt, and whether the uniform should require spats at the wrist as well as at the ankles of the members, the president arose and made a brief but fervid address.

Professor Sparker told his hearers that as the Africo-American was the first colored automobile club ever organized, the eyes of the whole world would be watching it. Members were therefore warned that they must comport themselves with dignity befitting such a crisis. The pyramids of Egypt must decay in time, but the auto had come to stay until time was no more.

Here and there a great leader of men had dodged the issue and still retained the love of the people, but the day was near at hand when the world would demand of its great men that they bump their spinal columns and conquer a refractory motor or retire to the realms of obscurity.

At the conclusion of the address the members indulged in tumultuous applause and the meeting adjourned “till nex’ time.”

Automobiling is nature’s cinematograph.

Millionaires At Play

R. F. COLLINS

HERE in France we have long since passed the stage of automobilism when the motor vehicle was regarded as the outward and visible sign of wealth and a luxury that could only be enjoyed by those whose wealth enabled them to pay liberally for their pleasure. Throughout all Europe the automobile is fast becoming a necessity of the professional or business man, to whom time is money and personal comfort a no mean consideration. It



W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., and D. Wolf Bishop at Chartres

is useful for those who are constantly moving about in town, and almost indispensable for commercial travelers and others who have to cover big districts, frequently at a good distance from the railroads. Under these circumstances the money spent on an automobile is a remunerative investment and is returned to the owner with interest.

But with the sporting aspect of automobilism the case is different. No one who is not wealthy can afford to spend \$5,000 to \$10,000 upon a high speed automobile, as often happens, just for the fun of the thing, or for the sake of satisfying a desire to possess

the fastest vehicle in the world. This possession alone confers a distinction on the owner and enables him to occasionally revel in fantastic speeds with a sufficient element of risk to give zest to the pleasure. The automobilist who can travel faster than anyone else immediately earns a world-wide celebrity, and for this there are many who will pay whatever price is demanded of them.

This is one of the things which show the superiority of being a millionaire. It may be perfectly true that his life is a perpetual misery, and that, like Mrs. Hetty Green, he may go about armed to the teeth, but he has at all events the advantage of being able to forget the miseries of the millionaire profession by launching out in the delights of automobilism.

And there is another thing the motor vehicle is doing. So long as the sport of automobilism is largely confined to France it is favoring the importation of millionaires, and never before have so many of them found their way to this country, attracted to it solely by the mysterious power of the automobile.

Paris, June 2.

Slow, But Very Sure

"It is rather a difficult thing for a policeman to tell just when an automobile is going too fast for the public safety; but I understand they have a very simple plan in staid old Philadelphia."

"Well, a man would almost have to be going backward not to be going too fast there. What's their infallible method though?"

"Why, when ever the policeman is unable to count the spokes in the wheels of the vehicle he arrests the owner of it for scorching!"

A Benediction

God bless the vogue of the automobile!
That wakens the world's unmeasured zeal,
And makes a man of my temper feel
Like praising the same always.
For it's taken the maid next door, who sought
To constantly pound the piano-forte
To another brand of athletic sport
That bears her miles away.

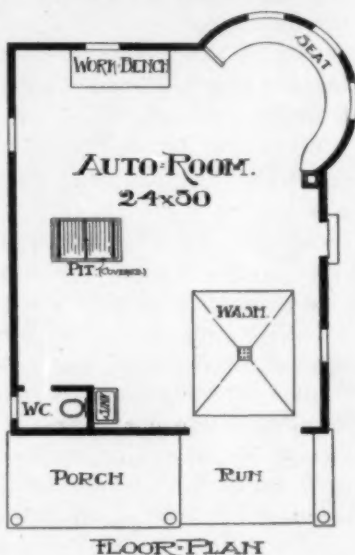
An Attractive Garage

IN these days of improved manufacture it is easier by far to get a satisfactory automobile than it is to secure an equally satisfactory place to keep it after you have got it. Herewith is shown the plans and profile of a very complete and attractive appearing garage, built for Mr. William Morse at Hackensack, N. J. The



architect, William A. Lambert, has succeeded in combining comeliness with convenience in a way which is highly creditable to him as well as pleasing to others.

Mr. Morse, whose present vehicle is a 9 h. p. Darracq, has only lately been converted to the gasoline carriage, his former ones all having been of the steam driven type. With the smooth running gasoline vehicle he now uses, Mr. Morse finds it both a pleasure and a time-saving method of traveling between his Hackensack home and his place of business in New York.



Automobile Possibilities in Porto Rico

GEORGE E. WALSH

THE introduction of mechanical traction in Porto Rico brings old and new conditions into prominent juxtaposition. Our new island possession in the Atlantic is a century or more behind the times in many respects, especially so where transportation facilities are concerned. There one finds rickety old stage coaches, half-starved mules and ponies, two-wheeled vehicles, sometimes drawn by man and sometimes by beast, and if one wishes to travel across the island he has his choice of these ancient relics of an unambitious past. There is one good road running across the island, and its eighty miles of smooth surface presents an attractive appearance, but otherwise good highways are few and far between. One may climb mountain trails and roads on mule back, but they are not to be classed as modern highways.

The Spanish occupants of the island built the old Ponce road in 1868, and they put good work on grading and constructing it so that it presents a uniformly hard and even surface to-day. During the rainy season the disintegrating effects of the elements on the roads are tremendous, for the water pours down steadily and washes the light surface soil and stone off rapidly. The Spanish authorities divided the highway into sections, with road houses at every section where laborers lived to look after the road. In this way the highway has been kept in excellent condition, and it is to-day a pleasure to ride the entire length of it.

Motor vehicles made their first appearance in Porto Rico during the present year, and although unpopular at first, they have now become important transportation factors on the island. As there is little chance of an electric railroad being constructed on the island to parallel this highway, automobiles for public services promise a quick solution to the transportation problem presented. It is hardly consistent with American ways of traveling to depend upon the old-fashioned stage coaches or pony riders on the island. It practically takes more than twelve hours of steady riding to cover the distance, and four changes of horses are necessary. If one takes the trip by pony he makes four different re-mounts. These pony carriages are wonderful affairs in the eyes of the natives, for they represented the actual rapid transit of the island. One covers the eighty miles to Ponce and return at a cost of \$32. Only two

passengers ride in each conveyance, although at a pinch three friends can be accommodated.

Since the appearance of the automobiles on the islands, old conditions of traveling have received a serious blow, and it is possible that the pony riders and coaches may soon disappear from Porto Rico's great highway as completely as the pony mail carrier of the West has been effaced from the map of this country. In the first place the automobiles which make the trip do it in nine hours, and charge only \$15 for the round trip. This saving in time and money is sure to prove the death blow to the old system.



At present there are not sufficient accommodations for the traveling public in the automobiles, and the ponies and coaches still have a use. They will not disappear until the route is amply provided with all the automobiles necessary to carry those who wish to travel in them between San Juan and Ponce. One can, if he is fortunate enough to get a seat in one of these vehicles, leave San Juan in the morning and reach Ponce in the early part of the afternoon.

There is probably no more picturesque and attractive ride in the world than this trip across Porto Rico in one of the public automobiles, and it is a journey to be remembered. The motor vehicles have canopy tops, with three seats for the passengers, and

so arranged that the hot sun can always be shaded from the eyes. The road in the dry season is in most excellent condition, and there is very little dust and few rough places to bother the travelers. The automobiles have to possess horse power enough to carry the vehicles and passengers up some pretty steep inclines. The first automobiles on the island did not give very good satisfaction because of their deficiency in this respect. At times passengers had to dismount and climb steep places while the vehicles puffed up alone.

The whole trip is a delightful variation from the ordinary journey in the United States, or any island or land nearby. The small towns and villages are distinctively foreign in their appearances, and the vegetation, the white soil, and the trees and flowers, are all tropical in character. At first the natives stared at the automobiles, and followed them in awe, but now they have become accustomed to their appearance, and they merely wait to meet them in order to sell fruits and refreshments to those who travel in them.

The early part of the trip is along the coast and on a comparative level, but as the vehicle goes inland the character of the country changes. The wooded portions become heavier and more wildly picturesque, and the road continually climbs hills and winds around the summits of others. By the time the middle of the island is reached, the vehicle is running over a strictly mountainous road. It is this portion of the trip that gives the greatest delight. While the surface of the road is smooth and fine, it follows the contour of the rough mountainous land, so that one is almost riding on the top of sharp pinnacles at times, and again skirting around their base or descending into deep ravines. The views are magnificent in places. Some of the mountainous curves are sharp and sudden, so that it requires an experienced chauffeur to guide the vehicle around them without accident. A little carelessness in the way of too much speed at the wrong place might produce a catastrophe. Automobilists who have guided their private vehicles across the island, say that it is one of the safest, and yet one of the most threatening journeys that they have ever undertaken.

The road winds around the sides of two mountains, with a deep cut between them, but it reaches a considerable altitude in the middle, and runs around steep cliffs and into sharp ravines in the most picturesque manner. From some of the high points the view of the surrounding island is beyond description, and one may view

the ocean in the distance on clear days. It is this picturesque nature of the journey, either in a private automobile or in the public conveyance, which makes the journey so very enjoyable. Since the trip can be made within a day without inconvenience in an automobile, the travel has doubled, and with more modern vehicles operated on the island, the traffic will quickly expand to a much greater extent. Efforts are being made to carry freight, fruits, farm produce, and the mails by means of automobiles, and it is not unlikely that within a short time this will be accomplished. The mechanical vehicle is really the only modern conveyance for the



island, since the population is so scattered and so small that trolley lines would hardly pay.

Since the island came under the jurisdiction of the United States, road improvements have been carried on rapidly, and not only has the old highway been kept in good repair, but many new stretches of roadway have been opened. Some of these are short ones, built to connect two or more thriving towns and villages. One of the most ambitious of the new highways, constructed under American supervision, was opened this spring. It runs from Ponce on the northerly coast through Utuado to Arecibo, making a total distance of about sixty miles. This road will be, in all respects, as fine as the main highway, built by the Spaniards. Like the former it runs through a mountainous and picturesque part of the island, but it skirts the ocean front so that the water is visible at many

points. The grades are not so steep and hard as those on the old Ponce road, the highest of the latter being three thousand feet above the sea level, and of the former scarcely two thousand. The climb to the highest point on either road, however, is something that one must take into consideration before attempting the trip. The automobiles owned by private individuals are rapidly increasing in number, and last winter more than a score of them came to the island for the purpose of touring. A few of the wealthy native planters have automobiles now in which they ride about to inspect their crops and workmen. The contrasting scenes which are thus presented to a visitor are rather prophetic of the times, and especially of the island possession which we hold in the Atlantic.

Their Favorite Meeting Place

"If two scorchers started from their club house, one who could go twenty-five miles an hour, at 10 o'clock, and the other who could go thirty miles an hour, at 10.30 o'clock, when would they come together?" was the question asked the boys' class by a Long Island teacher the other day. There was an oppressive silence before little Johnnie, who was near the foot of the class put up his hand, signifying that he had solved the problem without the aid of slate or pencil.

"Well," said the teacher expectantly, "where would they meet, Johnnie?"

"At the first good road house they come to," was the demoralizing reply.

Motorisms

A motor on the road is worth two in the ditch.

There's many a "panne," 'twixt they can't and they can.

Dead dogs tell no tales.

If necessity is the mother of invention, then opposition may well be called its foster-parent.

He who spills last, spills on top!

He and Rafferty

The scorcher now rushes on the scene

And claims the earth as his;

But Patrolman Rafferty runs him in,

For that is Rafferty's biz.



A drowsy drone;
A garden's sweet;
And, all alone,
In kirtle neat,
So deft and prim,
To guide the reel,
With sunshine in her dove-
like eyes,
The maid Priscilla daily
plies
Her wheel.

1700

Mutantur

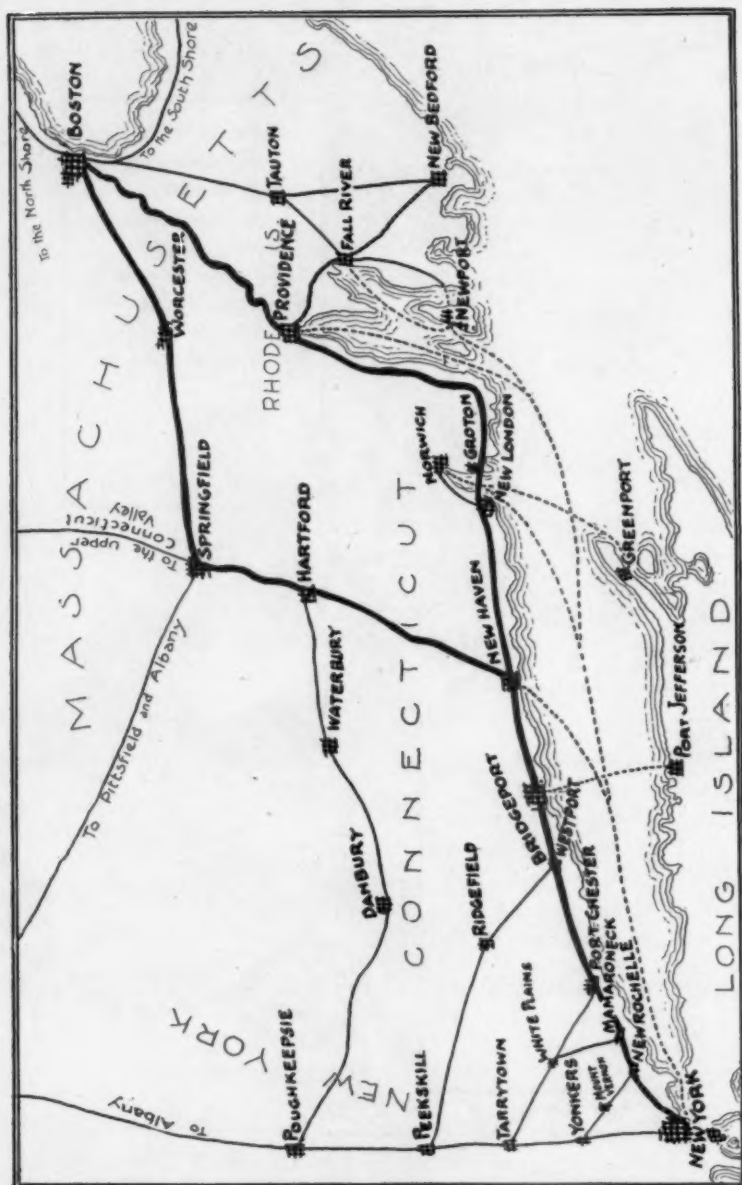
Omnia

1900

A noisy street,
Or road or park,
Where fashions meet,
By day or dark;
In leather clad,
From head to heel,
And resolution in her
eyes,
The modern maiden deftly
guides
Her wheel.



Walter P. Morris



Touring Department



New York - Boston Route

PART II: THE NEW HAVEN-SPRINGFIELD-WORCESTER DIVISION.

THE direct route from New York and the lower Hudson into New England (No. 2 of this series, published in June) divides at New Haven into two equally important trunk highways. One leads through Wallingford, Meriden and Hartford into the Connecticut River Valley to Springfield, thence through Parmers and Worcester to Boston; the other continues east and northeast from New Haven through New London and Providence to the same city. Usage has fixed upon the former as the "Springfield Route," and on the latter as the "Shore Route"—terms borrowed from current railway practice and convenient as well as definite.

Reaching Boston with nearly equal calculations in time and mileage, these alternate routes differ in many ways. The Springfield line (180 miles, New Haven-Boston) at once leaves the Sound and crosses the State of Connecticut upward into Massachusetts, through an uninterrupted line of busy towns and cities. Thence it is a hill country to the end—the lower center of the old Commonwealth to its ocean doors—with the hum of industry much the same all the way. The Shore line (168 miles, New Haven-Boston) follows the water-front as far as Providence, and only for the remaining 45 miles does it go inland at all. Its towns and cities are fewer and less concerned with the progress of things.

One may take his choice between these routes, for both are practicable for all types of staunch touring automobiles. On the whole, the roads of the Springfield line are better, for they are higher and firmer, as well as more carefully looked after, while there is more or less sand—and a great deal of road-neglect—the other way. The automobilist who wishes to get the most out of a single trip could scarcely do better than to go to Boston by Hart-

ford and Springfield, returning by Providence and New London, in which case he will have only the ride back to New Haven in addition to his single long circuit. And if for any reason his time is shortened or mishap befall on the return half, he can take boat back from any one of half a dozen Sound ports, without having missed any portion vital to the understanding of the section as a whole. The present paper deals with the detail of the Springfield Route, and in the issue following, the Shore Route will be taken up in the same manner, completing the direct all-land routes between the two cities.

THE NEW HAVEN-SPRINGFIELD PORTION

One who has made the run up from New York, with the intention of turning north at New Haven, will seldom experience any regret at leaving the Sound. The waters that have been in sight, more or less, from the Hudson or the Harlem, are the familiar waters of the Metropolitan and Eastern District, and the shore views inevitably diminish in interest, even though the 80 miles or so are covered at speed. There is something inviting about the uplands of New England—particularly if a fine portion of the Connecticut River Valley be the gateway to them—and the spirit moves to be up and on. Unless it is desired to stop at New Haven, the tour can be continued, with the assurance that ample accommodations may be had every few miles all the way to Springfield.

State street, the direct thoroughfare out of New Haven to the north, is reached by a right turn, down two blocks, from the corner of Church and Chapel streets, the center of the city and the usual end of runs from New York and intermediate points. It is, however, stone-paved and car-tracked, more or less crowded with traffic and withal a commonplace exit. For an altogether better—





well-nigh perfect—one, turn to the right down Chapel street, one block instead of two, and take first left up Orange street. This street, which is perfectly paved with asphalt and lined on both sides with young elms, leads through a fine new residence section of the city and has every advantage except that of being of itself an independent roadway into the country. To get back onto State street, follow Orange for about a mile and turn right on Lawrence (preferred) for five or six blocks, coming out alongside the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R. tracks opposite Cedar Hill station. Orange and State streets, though nominally so, are not exactly parallel, hence the difference of one block between them on Chapel street downtown becomes five or six blocks on Lawrence street farther out.

Heretofore you have seen nothing of the many railroad tracks that surround this portion of the city, but from now on you have them, either on one side or the other, and scarcely ever out of sight, all the way to Springfield. It is straightaway and over good roads, six and one-half miles more to North Haven, which enter by a right turn, over the Quinnipiac river (larger in name and on the map than in reality) and pass the railroad station. A short distance beyond (the first clear-up road) turn left. The signs at this point read: "12 miles to Meriden by Cycle Path," and the like are repeated, only with changed numerals, for several miles.

The cinder path lines the road as the signs would lead one to expect, and the reason is not far to seek. This section of road is built largely upon sand of the light, deep, impassable order, from which the laying of macadam is gradually emancipating the traveler. Two or three short stretches yet remain to wallow through, and it is the part of caution to run up on one side so as to get at least one track on solid ground. It is expected that before long the work in progress both above and below will meet and

give a good road across all of Connecticut. In the meantime a single experience with these mellow sands is an insight into the conditions that ruled on a larger scale only a few years ago, and explains why the cyclists of the '90s built their own side-paths rather than wait the slow improvement of the highways.

Go straight through Wallingford (the railroad station to the right) past Yalesville, and on to where the road is carried under the railroad tracks. Here keep to the right (the left is another and longer way back to Wallingford) coming shortly to where the road forks for two different entrances into Meriden. The left one is better, downhill and alongside the street car tracks, which follow until they come into the center of the city immediately below the railroad station. Turn just far enough to the left to get a clear ahead on Colony street, which leads north, at first with, then across the railroad tracks, into the country. Signs show the way except at one point three miles out where the road forks for a short distance, becoming one thoroughfare again before one is aware. The left fork is most used, however, taking one through Risley's Corners, where bend right uphill and on as before.

Thence it is direct to the residence portion of Berlin, where two optional routes are offered to Hartford. It is exactly 10½ miles straightaway through the open country as far as Cedar Hill Cemetery, Hartford, thence Fairfield avenue to New Britain avenue to Washington street, which brings direct to the State Capitol. The roads are of common dirt and red gravel until the city is entered, where excellent macadam and asphalt succeeds. The Berlin station-New Britain route coincides with the one already given where Fairfield avenue comes into New Britain avenue, from which point they are one to the end. In fair weather one may take his choice of these two routes from Berlin but in wet weather the one by New Britain is preferable on account of its leveler going and the greater amount of pavement that way. At the Capitol grounds, turn right into Capitol avenue and down under the Memorial Arch, coming out between the Union Railroad station and the business center of the city.

If it is not desired to stop at Hartford, keep straight ahead from the Memorial Arch, cross the street leading to and from the depot and go over into High street, which is a connecting link to Windsor avenue, at the junction also of Main street (the way out from downtown). Windsor avenue leads straight,

through pleasant country, to the small town of Windsor where, leaving the car tracks, it turns right across a corner of the park, five miles to Windsor Locks. Coming into this place, one will see a short bridge to the right over the canal and just beyond a longer bridge over the Connecticut.

Cross here to Warehouse Point and to the Springfield side of the river, Hartford being on the opposite (western) side. Go up through the town three or four blocks and turn left with the car tracks past Warehouse Point station and due north. A short run will bring one opposite but not into Thompsonville. Keep straight ahead at this point, alongside the main car tracks, else the automobilist will unconsciously be carried into Thompsonville and out again onto the same road. Straight ahead—over the interstate line—is Longmeadow, whose wide, well paved streets hasten one toward Springfield. Descending the hill just beyond Longmeadow, the city of Springfield and its environs spread out like a picture. The road bends right with the river, past the east entrance to the South End Bridge (to and from the Agawam district), and alongside a portion of Forest Park. Instead of turning into the Park, go left downhill into South street, which begins at this point and parallels the river and railroad tracks for a distance. Keep with South street to Main, which follow to State street—the corner of State and Main being marked by the large building of the Masonic Temple on the nearer right-hand corner. This is not only the center of the city, but the beginning of the final run to Boston.

THE SPRINGFIELD-BOSTON PORTION.

Springfield is the hump of the trip. The sixty-five miles (rather more than less) from New Haven bring one into the rail and highway lines across the State east and west, and of the original run from New York only a trifle over 100 miles remain. This last section—the old Springfield Century Course of the wheelmen—can be covered in from four to six hours if need be, but it is much more pleasantly taken as a separate day's trip, allowing a leisurely start, a regular pace and a seasonable finish.

From the corner of Main and State streets, take State street up a steady but not bothersome grade, passing the United States Armory to the left on what is known locally as Armory Hill. A stone in the farther group of buildings marks the battle place of Shay's Rebellion, January 25, 1787. Fine residences line the way. It is macadam, dirt and brick pavement to Winchester Park, a small

open space a mile or so out. Here the road forks. To the right is the Wilbraham Road, south-by-east through Sixteen Acres to Wilbraham. State street (which keep) continues on the left and at Pine Point, opposite St. Michael's Cemetery, three miles out, there is offered a choice of routes to Palmer, twelve miles beyond.

The Boston Road (to the right) is direct through the open country to North Wilbraham, while the road to the left (Berkshire street) goes via Indian Orchard and Ludlow. The Boston Road, the shorter of the two and the one preferred for through travel, is fair-to-good riding and makes straight for the hills that look up ahead, while one taking it sees over to the left the towns he would have passed through the other way. Eight miles out from Springfield, there is a long hill with fine new State road all the way up and all the way down—different from our memory of it in the middle '90's. At North Wilbraham station the road goes down under the B. & A. R. R. tracks and continues on the other side to Palmer over poorer roads and more broken country, more or less of the way along the Chicopee River, which flows back into the Connecticut at Chicopee, just above Springfield.

It is not necessary to go down into Palmer, but as there is no other city of equal size before Worcester, a stop here will usually be made, particularly if no delay be had at Springfield. Accommodations are fair. In going out of Palmer, continue on the main downtown street to where it brings to the overhead crossing of the railroad tracks. Here turn left, and go one block to this short street's end (an old white church at the head), turn right enough to round the next corner, one more block left, turning to the right, onto the Worcester road in front of the schoolhouse. This is a maneuver more difficult to describe than to make. New, perfect State road stretches up and away from this point and a bit of speed is justifiable. Do not cross the railroad tracks until the State road, plainly shown, carries you under and quickly back onto a continuation of itself again. Four miles from Palmer, the State road ceases and the poorer dirt road crosses both the river (the Chicopee no longer but the Quaboag) and the railroad. At West Brimfield station, two roads lead off into the country and one ahead, the sign reading six miles to Warren. Take this, through West Warren, one grand bend with the river and the railroad tracks. From Warren to near West Brookfield is one elegant stretch, the up-grades so smooth and so gradual as to be no obstacle, while on the down-grades you feel sorry for the B. & A. locomotives—since they are kept to

straight tracks and are denied the pleasure of such long "coasts."

Bend through West Brookfield and uphill into Brookfield. Here turn right, up alongside the small park, for one block, onto the Spencer road, signs showing the way. The highways on this section are mostly of common dirt, but well packed and usually in good condition. For the last two miles into Spencer it is uphill, the up-grade continuing through the town and the steepest of all on the way out. Were it not for the perfect surface of this rise, its climbing would bother many automobiles, but few are now troubled with it. Spencer and Leicester, the next town, are together the height of land on this trip, and the view in all directions is fine, extending over a wide circle of Massachusetts and into Southern New Hampshire. The down-grade out of Leicester should be made with caution on account of a steepness greater than at first appears; otherwise fair speed may be made. The Spencer road comes into Main street, Worcester, past Clark University to the City Hall, corner Main and Front streets.

From Worcester there are two principal routes to Boston, one following the Boston & Albany Railroad practically from beginning to end, from the City Hall, down Front street, turning to the right at the depot, thence Grafton street to North Grafton and Westboro. This is the shortest way and the one most easily followed, as it keeps with the railroad tracks also through Cordaville, Ashland and South Framingham to Natick. The more picturesque way, however, is from the City Hall, down Front street to the Union Depot as before, except that here turn left (Shrewsbury street, unmarked) along with the street cars to Lake Quinsigamond. Cross this long, narrow lake by a causeway, and go up a long hill (Maple avenue) to Shrewsbury Center, and on to Northboro and Southboro. The single drawback to this route is that it is a veritable clearing house for cross-roads, making it impossible to catalogue all the turns necessary to be made. However, the Boston signs begin to appear and will bring one into Southboro all right.

Leaving Southboro, go straight ahead, and cross the railroad tracks at the station, at once turn right and go straight over the causeway covering an artificial lake which is a part of the Boston water supply. Beyond this causeway the road forks, the right fork going to Fayville and the left direct to Framingham Center. Take the latter, go straight through the town, into Eastern avenue, which keep until four corners are reached, with the street cars between Wayland and Natick crossing at right angles. Turn right and

follow the car tracks a mile or so to Natick, where the other route from Worcester, along the railroad track, joins. Keep to the left on Washington street past Wellesley and Wellesley Hills, into and through Newton Lower Falls. On the same street—midway between Newton Lower Falls and West Newton—Commonwealth Avenue Extension crosses at right angles and is the best route into Commonwealth avenue, to the Public Gardens and the center of the city of Boston.

The accompanying map shows two additional ways of bringing this trip to an end: (1) the old way, via West Newton, Newtonville, Newton, Oak Square and Brighton; (2) via Newton Center and around one side of Chestnut Hill Reservoir, thence Beacon street to Massachusetts avenue (Harvard Bridge entrance). As a finish of a long run, however, the route as first given is preferable in every way; and the two optional ones can be made into a very pleasant half day's circuit out of and back to Boston, with Newton Lower Falls as the turning point.

Difference Between Tweedledee and Tweedledum

"Are you sure this automobilist was going faster than the law allows?" asked the judge.

"Absolutely certain, yer honor," replied the policeman.

"But it is possible to be mistaken on such a point."

"Not in this case, yer honor. It was going so fast that Alderman Clancey who was trying to pass him couldn't do it and he was driving a trotter what does his mile on the road right along in 2.15 and better."

Because He Didn't Have To

"Poor Kerry Seener hardly ever sets a foot on the ground now."

"You don't mean it? Has he become a chronic invalid?"

"Oh, dear no. He owns a big touring car and spends almost all of his time in it."

Not In It

Oh, Charlie Gold may beach his yacht

And lay her on her keel;

The belles for him don't care a jot—

They want an automobile.

“Lifts” Toward the Springfield Line

IN listing the optional land and water routes between New York and Boston, in the last issue, no note was taken of Sound steamer lines other than those making their principal landings midway or farther on the trip. The omission of all boat lines within the 100 miles' limit simplified for the time the consideration of through routes into New England, while making the general outlines more distinct. The locally unacquainted tourist will likely find such a plan well suited to his needs. Its other effect was to make of the New York-New Haven portion either an indispensable link in the first half, or else to cut it out altogether by passing around and beyond it by water.

The more one knows of this section, however, the closer will he look for opportunities to do in a new way that which he may have done by rule or by direction before. To most automobilists resident in the Metropolitan District, for instance, the route to the Connecticut line is an open book, and when they go over it again—even on the way to some distant point—the trip over this portion is more or less an endurance run, with something else in the mind's eye. To such the chance to be carried to some favorite intermediate point will especially appeal, making possible a fresh start on farther ground and bringing the final destination so much nearer at a stroke.

Southport, Conn., the turning point of the 100 miles' endurance run on Memorial Day, is only a few miles out of Bridgeport, and one who has covered that course will miss little or nothing by taking the Bridgeport line (from Pier 39, East River, foot of East Thirty-first street, New York), a four hours' sail, landing just below the N. Y. N. H. & H. depot at Bridgeport. In this case, go up to the depot and over the bridge onto Stratford avenue, to Stratford, Milford and New Haven, as given in detail in the June number. This line is convenient one for those starting from near the center of Manhattan, or coming over from Long Island by the Thirty-fourth street ferry.

The New Haven line is well suited for those who start from downtown Manhattan, from Brooklyn, via the Bridge, or from Staten Island. Especially if en route from New Jersey and below to New England, via the Staten Island ferries, the saving in time and distance may be considerable, as the New Haven boats leave twice a day from Peck Slip, Pier 25, East River, near foot of Fulton

street. This option gives a four and one-half hours' sail and, though it lands in a seemingly difficult place, the way out is quickly and safely made. Go out from the dock at New Haven, onto Bridge street, turn right with the street cartracks one block to Wooster street, thence left on Wooster until the way ahead is broken by the guards protecting an underground railroad crossing. Here turn right onto Chapel street, which follow left up either to Orange street (to the north), or to the corner of Church street, the edge of the Common and the center of the city.

There is one more opportunity of this kind to get above New Haven on the Springfield line, and it may interest any tourist who has a desire to be placed at once on the firm roads characteristic of the upper sections of this trip. The Connecticut River is navigable for commercial craft as far as Hartford, and the Hartford and New York Transportation Company run boats daily except Sunday between Pier 24, East River, (below Fulton street) New York, and State street, Hartford. This is an all night trip, as the entrance to the Connecticut River from the Sound is at Saybrook Point, thirty miles or so beyond New Haven, from which the course is north-by-west, coming into our New Haven-Springfield route at Hartford. This seems to be the only way to keep to this route in the main and yet avoid the few bad sand stretches between North Haven and Meriden, of which mention is made in the larger article in this issue. That trouble may be had at these points is undeniable, but the trial is short and before long ought to be done away with altogether, as progress is being made from above and below. Working its way up the Connecticut, the Hartford boat makes intermediate landings, principally at Saybrook, Lyme, Middle Haddam, Middletown and Glastonbury, but leaving it at any one of these places means an early rising, as the Capital city is reached soon after 7 A. M.

The addition of these three optional land and water routes to those named in the preceding issue by no means exhausts their possibilities even on the first half of the Boston tour. It is a section teeming with variety, and almost any reasonable kind of trip may be, as it were, built to order. The ready man will have work for his constructive faculty once he is placed somewhere up in New England and starts to figure himself to some other place. It can be made an absorbing bit of pleasure, or of work, which ever one chooses to call it. Any point not already made clear to the reader will cheerfully be taken up by our information and correspondence department, and the special requirements of subscribers, if possible, sought out.

R. B.

A FLY-TIME IDYL

W. W. WHISLOCK

A horsefly sat on an automobile,
And remarked to a friend on the other wheel:
"I say, old chap, it's rather tough
To have to live on this rubber stuff;
What are we to do, I'd like to know,
If it's true, as they say, that the horse must go!
Can we live on wind or caoutchouc,
Or the paint from the wheels when they're bright and new?
In vain I've searched for a horse to-day—
Oh, I found not one on all Broadway!
And for lack of food I am faint and weak—
Oh, where, oh, where, were it best to seek?"

Now the other fly was a wise old fly,
And these were the words he spake in reply:
" 'Tis true, as you say, that the days are gone
When horses were plenty for flies to feed on,
And a fly to-day may travel far
And find at the end but a motor-car;
But despite this fact, there is still no need
To despair at the dearth of the succulent steed,
For a fly that is wise, when he finds that horse
Is a thing of the past, will adopt perforce
Himself to the styles as they come and pass,
And in lieu of a horse will essay an ass."

"I see," said his friend, and he took a bite
Of the scorcher, and he cried: "Out of sight!"

Willie Rushmore's Diary

MONDAY—Bought a 40 h. p. Panarracq. Christened it the "Solferino Spook." Engaged a Swede for chauffeur. Bought a pair of goggles, a leather coat and a fried-egg cap.

Tuesday—Was out on the road for the first time. Runs like a watch. Think I'll like this game.

Wednesday—Tried to run the Spook without any help from the Swede. By the time I got home found I knew more about an automobile than he did. Guess I'll leave him in the stable next time. On the second speed beat the champion of the cycle police quarter of a mile in a twenty-block chase he gave me. I'll like this game, I know I will.

Thursday—Negotiated a corner at full speed. Wasn't much hurt, but let the Swede take the Spook to the repair shop. He seemed put out about being thrown out, but it's all in the sport. Promised to race Bertie Burnoil to-morrow at 12 o'clock from the Castoria to the Battery for the street scorching championship and a barrel of gasolene. I like this game, all right.

Friday—Nothing but hard luck. Ran into a beer wagon, collided with a cable car, got arrested for breaking the speed ordinance, lost to Bertie in consequence. Sent the Spook to the repairer's. Swede gives notice he's got enough. The game is all right, but——

Saturday—Tackled Long Island. Seems as though every fool fowl on the entire island waited for me to run over it. Paid for six ducks, eleven chickens and two geese; paid well, too. Crazy calf tried to take up the whole road and I just hoisted him over into a neighboring field out of harm's way. Held up by a telephone message, sent by the calf's owner, and arrested. Owner said he wanted \$5,000 for being deprived of that calf's services and affections. Refused to pay; left the Spook as collateral. Trained in to Long Island City, cabbed it to the Castoria, told my experiences to Bertie and the boys, and found myself the hero of the hour. Two or three functions and a ping-pong party announced in my honor. Swede has quit, says my autoing is too strenuous for him. Great game!

Sunday—Wrote checks for the driver of the beer wagon, the motor man, the repair man, the lawyer, the calf owner, the Swede and some others. Concluded I'd rest for the remainder of the day.

One of the Progressive Type

IT is no easy thing to make a man of millions forsake horses for motors, or even induce him to share his affection for the animals with the automobile. When, however, this does occur, it says much for the millionaire, the motor carriage and the latter's maker. The illustration shows that St. Louis has a millionaire who is progressive enough to own and to enjoy an automobile, and shrewd enough to have chosen a mighty good one to own and to enjoy. The gentleman is H. S. Rumsey, head of the big St. Louis concern, the L. M. Rumsey Co.; the vehicle is a Haynes-Apperson. With this conveyance Mr. Rumsey has been able to enjoy trips which his regard for the comfort of his horses absolutely prohibited him taking in the past. No matter how willing and able an animal may be, his owner, if he be a humane man, does not care to call upon him for trips of 50 to 100 miles in length. The consequence is that the surrounding country is a terra incognita to most city men until they are progressive enough to do as Mr. Rumsey has, and get a big, comfortable automobile which regards a 100-mile journey quite as a matter of course.



Answering a Fool According to His Folly

He thrust the sealed letter through the window and put down two cents.

"Well, what do you want?" asked the stamp clerk, gruffly.

"An automobile, please," he replied sweetly, being somewhat inclined to facetiousness.

Scorching Words

The scorcher, motoring swift and fleet

Ran into Deacon Brace;

The scorcher fell some forty feet,

The deacon fell from grace.

The Victory of Flyspeck Bill

HENNEPIN HUSTIS

It was after the arduous labors of the Wild West show were over. The time for rest and all the rest had come. The man who had the thankless job of heading the Spaniards, who twice each day defended San Juan hill and died doing it, was talking. What he talked about was how Flyspeck Bill, the roving ruler of the ornery cayuse had conquered the cussedest automobile what ever stood on four wheels.

Everybody knows the redoubtable William whose misfortune it is to have had his name so decorated as to make it one which would be objectionable to anyone more fastidious than its owner. It is said that originally Flyspeck Bill rode bucking broncos with Biffalo Bull until professional jealousy made it more pleasant for him to quit. It seems Colonel Biffalo became envious of Flyspeck's hair, which grew to an astonishing length. Colonel Biffalo was growing bald, and the sight of Mr. F. Bill's luxuriant locks was a little too much for him to endure. But it is not of Mr. F. Bill's past I would write. It is of his bucking boilerized mount and his conquest of it.

This famous superceder of the horse was manufactured in Bloody Gulch, Arizona, by the Lone Pine Company. They say two Mexican Greasers and a Digger Indian lost their lives trying to ride it before it was shipped East. When it was unloaded at the stock yards, where the show was then outfitting, it was run into an improvised brand chute and marked with Mr. F. Bill's brand. This brand is a fly spread-eagled on a dove wall much like that used by the Czar of Russia to mark his table linen. In fact, it is presumed that the Czar saw Bill's mark, liked it and then lifted it.

After being duly branded, because no self-respecting cow-puncher would think of connecting himself with a mechanical maverick, the steam snorting terror was taken to the grounds where the show was breaking in stock for use in its forthcoming tour of the country. Mr. F. Bill appeared upon the scene looking white, but determined. His hair was twisted into a harder knot than usual and his hat was pulled down upon his head. He wore buckskin "chaps" and gauntlet gloves.

As he walked a pair of large Mexican spurs clanked at his heels. He was observed to nervously tighten the leather belt around his waist and to pluck at the red silk handkerchief knotted picturesquely

about his neck. The sound of a terrible struggle was heard, and then two men mounted on plunging cow ponies came into the open, dragging with difficulty a vicious-looking automobile which was sweating steam at every joint and squealing, so the narrator of this dark deed declares, defiance at every revolution of its wheels. Two more men came out, each carrying a lariat.

"Now, rope her, fellows, till I get on," sung out Mr. F. Bill.

The ropes circled for a moment about the heads of the men and then shot out straight as arrows. The automobile reared and fell upon its side with great gurgling gasps rending its steam chest. Mr. F. Bill approached cautiously and stood over the prostrate, but protesting machine.

"Loosen up now," he cried excitedly.

Thereupon the rawhide ropes were slackened and the automobile was right side up, all four wheels on the ground, quick as a flash. Quicker even than the flash was the action of Flyspeck Bill and firm was his seat on the leather covered cushions. It was a moment of intense excitement. Even the stoical Indians in the back-ground became interested enough to exclaim "Ugh!" The automobile roared and it reared, while the fair cowgirls, clad in the store clothes of their non-professional moments, became so interested in the struggle as to temporarily forget that each was provided with a wad of chewing gum.

The unconquered vehicle bucked as only an automobile with Western wind in its tires and alkali water in its boiler could buck. Twice round the lot it went with Flyspeck Bill still on the seat. A shriek went up from the cowgirls and others as the redoubtable Flyspeck also went up and coming down landed smack on his head. The liberated automobile tore madly around the corral, while its would-be conquerer arose and shaking his tangled locks from his eyes (he had lost his hat and his hair pins), cried: "Rope her, fellers!"

Once more the ropes cut the air and to a stop came the vehicle. When it was released again the gallant Flyspeck was in the seat. The battle waged fast and furious; the angry auto, despairing of dislodging the doughty Bill, dashed him against the fence which encircled the lot and prevented its escape, but Mr. F. Bill still remained seated. Sometimes it seemed as though he surely must go. He used his spurs in a manner that would have been sufficient provocation for a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Automobiles representative to have had him arrested on the spot.

Gradually the machine seemed to realize it had found its master, for it bucked less violently and eventually gave in entirely. Mr. Flyspeck Bill dismounted, and tossing his curls again bowed low to the cowgirls to the right and squaws to the left and retired from the arena, while a couple of men pushed out of sight a vehicle whose boiler showed a plentitude of punctures where the trusty rowels of the gallant Bill had rent and ripped until steam no longer stayed within.

Thus did the roving ruler of the ornery cayuse, Flyspeck Bill, conquer the cusseddest automobile which ever stood on four wheels, as told by the man who led the Spaniards when the time for rest had come.

King Cole

Old King Cole

Was a merry old soul,

And a merry old soul was he;

He called for his pipe and he called for his bowl,

And he called for his fiddlers three.

So old King Cole

Got his pipe and his bowl,

But his fiddlers where were they?

They had taken their autos, each jovial sou

And merrily ridden away!

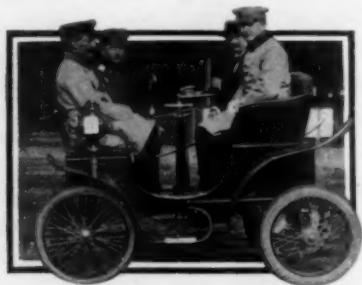
So old King Cole

Spurned his pipe and his bowl,

And he said to his slave, said he:

"Well, I guess I'll go for a bit of a 'roll,'

So fetch my motor to me."



Supplying Horse Sense by Contract

IN one of the summer abodes of New Yorkers, heretofore but little short of a horse heaven, an enterprising native has hit on the idea of making a profit out of the introduction of the automobile and the apprehensions of the visiting colony. He has founded an automobile academy for horses which has met with complete success, as timid drivers have availed themselves freely of the advantages he offers.

The shrewd native has become the owner of a small but extremely noisy motor vehicle, with which he agrees to frighten horses at a fixed sum by the hour. They are, of course, frightened by degrees, and with such delicacy that no harm comes of the ex-



An Automobile Jockey

periment, and they are thus prepared for the sight of machines operated with less regard for their feelings.

The beneficial effect of this practical training is soon shown in the animal's utter fearlessness of any sort or size of automobile. The only drawback to the business side of the enterprise is found in the lack of conscience of some of the horse owners.

The equine students are usually trained to accustom them-

selves to the machine on some sequestered road, and there is no way to keep away from the spot those who want to have their horses made equally fearless, but prefer to do it economically. So there are always one or two specimens of this something-for-nothing individual, who just accidentally, of course, happen on the spot and get their horses given a lesson gratuitously.

There Were Others

"Paw, there were no scorchers in the Philippines 'till we got there, was there?"

"No, my son; they had never seen an automobile until the Americans took possession of the islands."

"But there must have been some pretty warm people, all the same."

"Warm people?"

"Certainly; this book says there were a good many friars."

An Awkward Predicament

Chauffeur on an Around-the-World-in-an-Automobile Trip (to the projector of the affair)—Now, sir, that right forewheel has given away, and we're in a pickle.

Projector—What's to be done?

Chauffeur—Nothing, except to put on the reserve wheel.

Projector—Put on the reserve wheel, indeed! What do you suppose we are going to do then for another reserve wheel to decorate the vehicle with?

Solomon Was Never So Arrayed

"Isn't Rushmore's automobile get-up a bit loud?"

"A bit loud? I should say it was a whole lot, not a bit. Why, when he passes a vacant barn by the roadside that costume of his creates an echo."

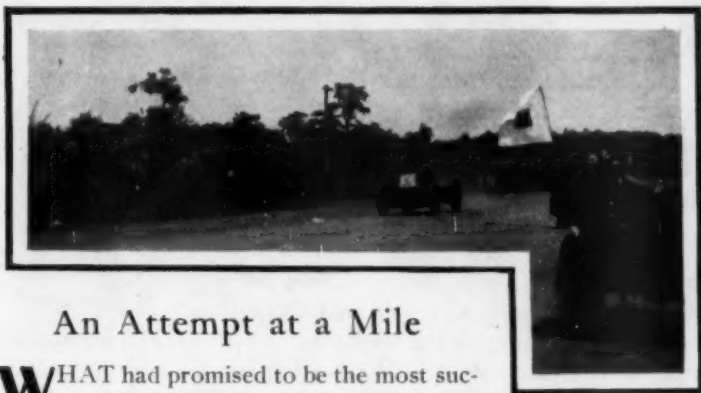
Behind the Times

Under the spreading chestnut tree

The village smithy stands,

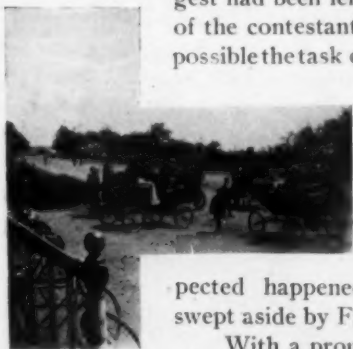
But the auto boom has knocked him cold

And his forge is on his hands.



An Attempt at a Mile

WHAT had promised to be the most successful speed contest ever promoted in America on Saturday, May 31, was, through misfortune, changed into the most disastrous affair in the history of automobilism. Ten thousand people had journeyed to a little and almost inaccessible Staten Island village, yecept Grant City, to witness the attempts of American automobilists to annex the records for the mile and the kilometer. That all expectations would be realized seemed a certainty. Nothing that human foresight could suggest had been left undone to provide for the safety of the contestants and the onlookers, and to make possible the task of one and the comfort of the other.



From end to end of the course patrols, police, rails and ropes were employed to keep any one from placing themselves or the contestants in danger, and yet it was all of no avail. Once again the unexpected happened, and the plans of men were swept aside by Fate as though they had never been.

With a promptness for which the Automobile Club of America has become justly famous in all affairs conducted under its auspices, the first contestant was sent away exactly on time. Twenty-five trials had already been made, when, what was destined to be the most tragic event of the day, was reached.

Far up the red strip of road a monster, such as few had ever seen before, and none now ever want to see again, was seen approaching at a speed which made strong men fairly gasp. In barely

30 seconds, swaying and rocking like some fearsome beast held in control by an unseen power, the Baker electric, for that was the awesome shape, swung round the curve in the Boulevard, and headed for the finish line then straight before it.

At the quarter mile it was evident to all that the vehicle was moving at a speed of not less than a mile in 50 seconds. If anything, it increased its speed after that. It was fulfilling all that had been claimed for it by its designer and builder.

Every one knew that if an accident did not occur a new record would be created. Many and the most experienced of the onlookers were prepared for an accident and removed to a place of safety. The accident did happen, and it was all over so quickly that the onlookers were dazed. They could hardly realize that the vehicle had turned itself into a wreck and had brought death to those who but an instant before stood spellbound by its marvelous speed.

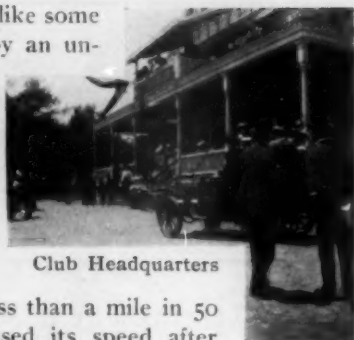


At the Finish

Swaying and rocking, the big racer came down toward Red Lane, and the operators made no attempt to reduce speed. Striking the tracks the forward wheels went up into the air and revolved so rapidly that they fairly sung. For a fraction of a second this lasted, and those who were where they could see had the impression that the machine had left the road entirely and was flying.

Then back it came to earth with a crash that made the hearts of all who could hear stand still.

What happened then is described in a different manner by



Club Headquarters



Kilometer Timers

each of those who saw. But all agreed that it was so sudden that no one could tell exactly what was going on. One thing is positive. No sooner had the crash occurred than the racer seemingly escaped from the control of the men who were guiding it. It veered to the side on which a wheel had given way, and with a whirring, smashing sound, dashed into the crowd that lined the left side of the course.



Hospital Tent and Nurses

No opportunity was given to the victims to escape. Before they knew that they were in the least danger they had been knocked down and lacerated by the plunging monster. A little further along and the racer halted, for the reason that there was not enough left of it to continue.

It was all so sudden and so horrifying that the crowd across the Boulevard remained still for two or three seconds. Then there was a rush that swept aside the ropes and barriers, and willing hands were extended to aid the maimed and mangled victims of the racer.

Immediately after the accident the contests, which were being held under the control of the Automobile Club of America, were declared off for the day. Those governing the meeting expressed their most sincere sorrow for the families of the victims and took such steps as were in their power to lessen their suffering.

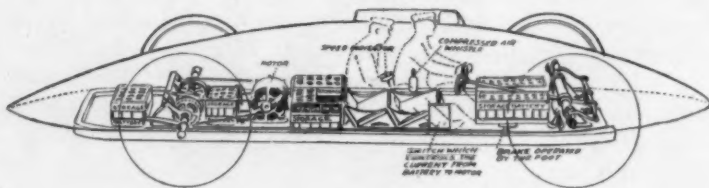


Looking Up the Course

Two men were killed and a score of onlookers more or less severely injured by the accident. The occupants of the vehicle miraculously escaped and were promptly arrested by the police. Later on the desire on the part of the local officials for cheap notoriety resulted in an unseemingly wrangle as to the possession

of the men responsible for the accident, who were Walter C. Baker, of the Baker Motor Vehicle Co., and W. E. Denzler, his chief electrician. Later the coroner's jury and the grand jury both acquitted the prisoners of any blame for the accident, thus bringing to an official end a most unfortunate affair.

As the drawing herewith shows the vehicle was not altogether unlike the famous Serpollet "Easter Egg," whose speed performances it was primarily built to eclipse. More than \$20,000 had first and last been laid out to produce it, while nearly a year of thought and study had been given to its designing and constructing. On four 40-inch, black leather covered wheels was placed a framework large enough to carry two men; 40 battery cells, motors, etc., a total load of more than 3,000 pounds. In action and in general appearance the vehicle looked the torpedo. Results proved that its looks in this respect did not belie it. After the accident Mr. Baker said to a *Motor World* man:



"I do not care a snap of my finger for records, but I wished to satisfy myself, and in time possibly the public, that my theory of employing power is correct; that it is not essential to have too great power to secure great results. Or, in other words, it has been my theory and practice in the manufacture of automobiles to secure the greatest possible results from comparatively little power. Such a result I believe I have secured, not merely by guesswork, but by most careful calculations and based upon the accepted laws of motion, atmospheric pressure and mechanical resistance.

"I believe in a small motor and little battery equipment. That from two to four times as much horse power is used as is necessary. Hence, to prove my theory I constructed the racing machine and carried its lines to the extreme. The lines of this racing car were as carefully considered as the designs for the swiftest yacht, while the mechanical parts show precision, perfect alignment and even balance.

"Anti-frictional devices have been my life study, and all I have learned in a long mechanical experience has been applied to this car. The motor had a normal rating of 7 H. P., but we developed to 12 H. P. in working up to high speed. In my belief the speed did not result from mere multiplication of power, but by reduction to the minimum of atmospheric pressure and mechanical friction."

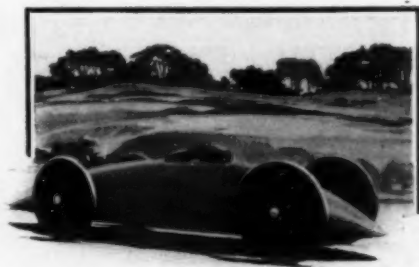
At a subsequent meeting of the Governors of the Automobile Club of America the following resolutions were adopted:

Whereas the Automobile Club of America deeply regrets and deplors the terrible accident which occurred during the holding of the record trials by this club on Staten Island, on May 31 last,

Resolved, That although similar trials have heretofore been held throughout the world without serious accident, yet this accident upon Saturday, notwithstanding every safeguard that precaution could suggest was adopted, has convinced the governors of the club that it is unwise to hold speed trials with automobiles on the public highways, and that the governors of this club will not hold or consent to the holding of such contests by the club.

Awards were made to the successful contestants as follows:

Entered by.		Description.	Kilometer.	Mile.	
CLASS I.—MOTOR BICYCLES.					
C. H. Metz.....	3½	H. P. Orient.....	43½	1.10½	Silver Medal
CLASS III.—GASOLINE, under 1,000 pounds.					
L. S. Thompson.....	5	H. P. Renault.....	.59	1.35½	Gold "
Lewis Nixon.....	7	H. P. Long Distance.....	1.03	1.43½	Silver "
H. Ward Leonard.....	8	H. P. Knickerbocker.....	1.03½	1.45	Bronze "
CLASS IV.—GASOLINE, 1,000 to 2,000 pounds.					
Percy Owen.....	15	H. P. Winton.....	.47	1.19½	Gold "
Ernest Cuenod.....	16	H. P. Rochet-Schneider.....	.56½	1.23½	Silver "
Jefferson Seligman.....	12	H. P. Mors.....	.57½	1.32½	Bronze "
CLASS V.—GASOLINE, over 2,000 pounds.					
E. E. Britton & A. J. Levy	60	H. P. Mors.....	.34½	.55½	Gold "
Wm. Guggenheim.....	24	H. P. Panhard.....	.44	1.11	Silver "
E. E. Britton.....	16	H. P. Panhard.....	.59½	1.36½	Bronze "
CLASS VI.—STEAM.					
S. T. Davis, Jr.....	10	H. P. Locomobile.....	.46½	1.12	Gold "
H. H. Wells.....	4½	H. P. Prescott.....	1.0½	1.37½	Silver "



Odds and Ends of London's Show

A. F. SINCLAIR



It has been written elsewhere in a former issue of this magazine that the London show was a very great success, and it is regrettable therefore that it is likely to be the last of its kind. That is to say, it is probably the last organized by Charles Cordingley to be held under the auspices of the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland. The trade appears to be unable to make up its mind whether it will patronize one or more shows in London each year, deciding one day to patronize only one, then changing its mind on the morrow in favor of showing at three or four if they are held.

Now this line of conduct has been very distressing to the Club, which is an extremely august body indeed, and feeling itself trifled with, it has determined to impress the trade very severely, and convince it of the error of its ways by withdrawing the light of its countenance from all the shows impartially. All good men will hope that this overwhelming calamity may be averted, that the trade may wake up in time to the dire results which must follow an exact fulfilment of the dread threat, and with a view to avert it may resume allegiance to the "one year one show" policy.

A London automobile show without the A. C. G. B. I. would be like a Punch and Judy show with Toby the dog left out.

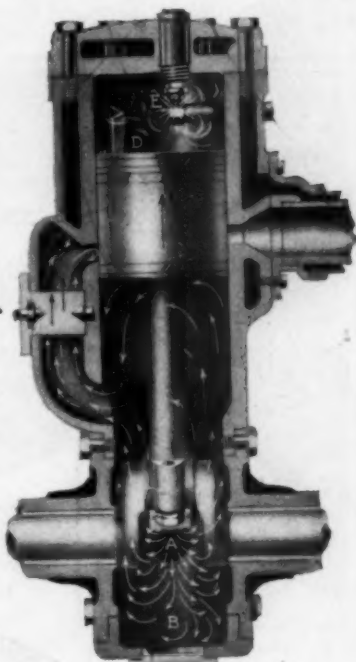
With these few words by way of preface I will refer as briefly as may be consistent with clearness to some of the odds and ends shown.

The two-cycle petrol motor comes but slowly and in the whole show I could find but two specimens of this type, one fitted to a car shown by Ralph Lucas of London, the other the well-known Lozier marine motor from Plattsburg, N. Y. Mr. Lucas obtains an impulse for every revolution of the cranks by using two pistons operating two cranks at the extremities of a single cylinder. The Lozier motor is worthy of more extended notice for there is little doubt that when the cooling difficulty has been overcome the Otto cycle motor's days will be numbered, and the two-cycle type will

take its place, until in the dim future of which Dugald Clark, the well-known motor engineering expert, delights to prophesy, it also will have to make way for the ultimate single cycle internal combustion engine.

In the marine motor the cooling difficulty is of course overcome by pumping the water from under the boat through the cylinder jacket and back to its source. It is perhaps unnecessary to mention that with the two-cycle motor the vaporized petrol must be mixed with the proper proportion of air before being admitted to the cylinder. The Lozier motor is started by gently half turning the fly wheel several times, which has the effect of filling the combustion chamber without compressing it, then a more vigorous three-quarter turn compresses and ignites the charge and the fly wheel begins revolving in the direction of the hands of a clock.

The mixture inlet is in the crank chamber and is closed when the piston begins its downward movement. This downward movement compresses in the crank chamber a charge previously admitted, and when the piston at the extremity of its downward stroke uncovers a by-pass port the charge is forced into the combustion



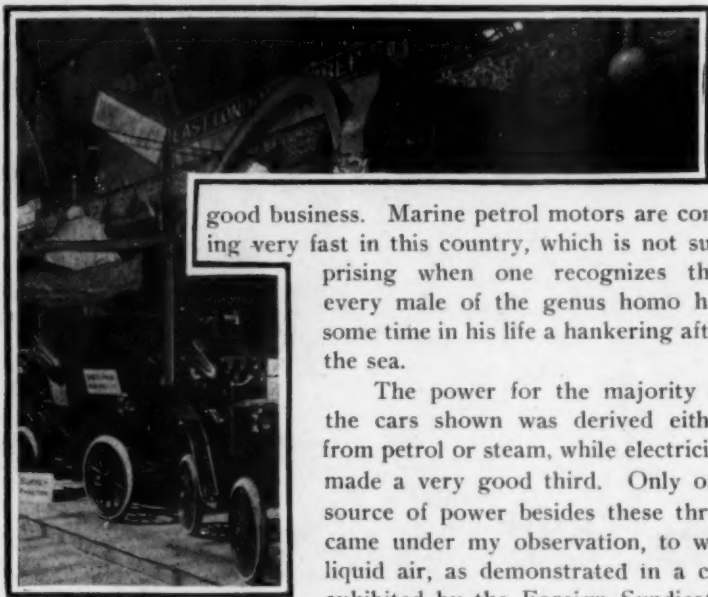
Lozier Motor

chamber above, and is compressed as the piston again moves upward. I have some difficulty in understanding why in this motor the charge is ignited before the piston quite reaches its highest point. The proceeding is entirely opposed to automobile practice in which ignition takes place after the piston begins its outward movement.

However, ignition having taken place the piston begins its next downward stroke, the combustion chamber meanwhile con-

taining much burnt gas. At a point when the inlet from the by-pass is still covered, and opposite to the latter, but somewhat higher up, the piston uncovers the exhaust port, and the consumed gases escape. The continued descent uncovers the by-pass inlet, and the new charge enters but is prevented from escaping through the exhaust port by a baffle plate fixed on the top of the piston.

The piston again returns performing the double purpose of compression and suction. There was a very fine exhibit of these motors in the show and the British agents claim to have been doing

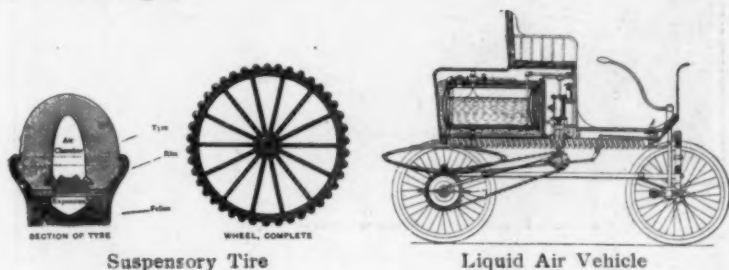


good business. Marine petrol motors are coming very fast in this country, which is not surprising when one recognizes that every male of the genus homo has some time in his life a hankering after the sea.

The power for the majority of the cars shown was derived either from petrol or steam, while electricity made a very good third. Only one source of power besides these three came under my observation, to wit, liquid air, as demonstrated in a car exhibited by the Foreign Syndicate, Ltd., of London. Air on being artificially cooled to a temperature of 312 degrees below zero (Fahrenheit) is transformed into a liquid, and may be retained in that state for some time if surrounded by a vacuum. In the car referred to the liquid is carried in a flat tank under and somewhat behind the usual driving seat, and has a capacity of seventeen gallons. This quantity is claimed to be sufficient to propel the car about thirty-five miles, and as the liquid costs about four cents a gallon the cost of power per mile works out at about two cents. The tank is surrounded by an almost

perfect vacuum and the natural loss is therefore trifling. When it is desired to bring the expansive power of the liquid into operation a small quantity is allowed to escape into a spiral tube or radiator which runs the whole length of the body under the tank.

A pressure of 200 pounds per square inch can be generated in one minute in this manner, the liquid air of course returning to a gaseous state on entering the atmospherically warmed tube. From the radiator the pressure is admitted into the cylinder of an engine, the action of which is of the single-cycle reversible type. Safety valves are of course fitted to both the tank and the radiator. The power from the crank is carried to the rear wheels by sprockets and a single chain. The only comment which the observer has to make on this motor is, that, if what is claimed for it in the matter of expansion is just, it develops power as rapidly as petrol, and combines with it all the graduation and reversible advantages of the steam engine.



Suspensory Tire

Liquid Air Vehicle

One of the freaks of the show was a crescent fronted air divider, a device like the ram of a ship of war fitted to an American steamer advertised as "The Texas Patent Motor Car." The divider was so constructed that it could be raised or lowered instantly according to the surface of the road. Besides dividing the air and thus facilitating the car's progress, the contrivance contained the radiator, condenser, and separator. This device was so arranged that it could be applied to any type of car. There may be a future for it but its time is not yet.

A new departure likely to make more immediate headway is Sewell's pneumatic suspensory tire. This tire consists of a series of inflated balls so constructed and arranged on the rim that the rebound after contact with the ground is always in the line of motion, there being extremely little side expansion, and as the balls are sufficiently far apart to admit of the rebound taking effect, an ex-

ceeding resilient tire and well balanced wheel result. Each ball is permanently inflated, although a puncture, of course, produces deflation, and can be easily detached, repaired, and inflated. It is claimed for this tire, however, that even although every ball were punctured the car would still be serviceable and comfortable at that.

A vehicle which attracted a good deal of attention was the Oldsmobile, of which glowing accounts had appeared in many of the British automotor papers, its extremely quiet running receiving high praise. There is no doubt that one of the commonest objections to the petrol engine is the noise caused by combustion, and the friction of spur gearing; and, although there is little hope of these sounds being entirely eliminated there



is no doubt that much more could be done to minimize them than is attempted by some makers. The light weight, simple mechanism, and low price of the Oldsmobile are all in its favor but on the other hand British taste has been educated on French lines, and although the Locomobile and Weston cars have influenced it to some extent in favor of the American form, this preference is confined to steam cars. American firms wishing to compete in the British market would enhance their business chances by adapting the structure of their cars to the French shape. Duryea, notwithstanding his repudiation of imitation, has left the purely American style, and now builds his bodies on European lines, fits his cars with artillery wheels and double tube tires.

An American car which probably secured more attention than any vehicle in the exhibition was a Locomobile which had been through the South African war. This war worn veteran occupied

an honored position on the locomobile stand, and in the condition of public opinion on the war question necessarily attracted notice. Over the car some extracts from a letter written by Captain R. S. Walker of the Royal Engineers recited some of the feats performed by the car and its mechanism. Not only had it been useful as a run-about, fetching and carrying all sorts and conditions of articles, but it was found capable of working the searchlight dynamo, on one occasion was utilized to blow up a number of unexploded mines, and *reductio ad absurdum* was immediately afterward used as a tea kettle.

A number of racing machines were on view, among them the Easter Egg Serpollet illustrated in your June issue, the 60 H. P. Mors, driven by the Hon. C. S. Rolls in the Paris-Berlin race last year, and a Mercedes (Daimler) car, the property of Mr. Alfred Harmsworth.

A machine much written up by the papers was a motor lawn mower, which could also be used as a roller, chaff-cutter, pump motor and for other purposes. The fact that this machine failed to materialize did not prevent the motor car papers giving elaborate descriptions of it.

Another much vaunted device was one having for its purpose the prevention of side slip, which was exhibited by F. Sadler of London.

On the whole, however, the eccentricities were few, sensible utility being the most potent factor in most of the designs.

Glasgow, June 6.

Like to Like Ever Goes

"Well, I'll admit there's one satisfaction in being a scorcher."

"What's that?"

"None such will ever be alone in the next world."

"How do you know?"

"Why, isn't Satan a scorcher?"

Keeps Her Busy

Time works a strange distraction

In the object of her zeal;

She's forgot to want the ballot

Since she's owned an automobile.

The Centurion and the Century

THE picture herewith shows that one is never too old to be won by the pleasures of automobiling. The old lady, Mrs. Eva De Voe, was born in Rotterdam, N. Y., June 17, 1802, and the photograph shows her at the end of an afternoon's ride on her rooth birthday. Mrs. De Voe says she prefers the automobile, because she believes it to be a safer carriage than one drawn by



horses. The vehicle in which the old lady is sitting is the latest model of the Century steam runabout, made by the Century Motor Vehicle Co., of Syracuse, and is easily controlled by the aged enthusiast.

Horseshoes No Longer Favorites

"Has it occurred to you?" asked a Maiden Lane jeweler, "that the horseshoe as an ornament has gone into decline? A few years ago we always gave our factory in Jersey an order for an unlimited number of various sizes. This year we cut off the order entirely. Those we had left over had been converted into the other patterns. It is even a rare thing for a man to find a horseshoe in the street or in a country road. So much for the horseless vehicle."

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Time to Volte Face

THE Automobile Club of America and the gentlemen composing it have done much for the automobile and for those who use and those who make the motor vehicle. So much no man will deny the premier club of this country, but, owing to an unhappy condition of public feeling, for which certain prominent members of the Automobile Club of America are by no means entirely blameless, a condition confronts automobilism to-day which calls for prompt and circumspect action on the part of all those who wish the new method of locomotion well. First and foremost among such well-wishers we believe the Automobile Club of America to be and hence this appeal to it.

Heretofore it has been the pleasure of the leaders of and in American automobilism to treat the new method of locomotion purely as a sporting affair. They have intentionally, or otherwise, sought to transplant foreign ideas, ideals, men and methods in America with no regard to the differences existing between conditions here and those from whence the foreign products

were imported. The attempt has failed; there was never any doubt that it would fail, and more than that, from the very beginning it deserved to fail.

The perfectly natural result has followed. The American public, quick to resent any disregard of its rights or its privileges, has asserted itself, and the consequence is that the time is now here when a complete about face must be made by those at the head of American automobiling, and it must be made quickly and completely.

Before all things, the Americans are practical. The automobile, like any and all things, must survive or fail in this country, not upon the reputation it has elsewhere, but upon the one which it acquires here. Regarded purely as a sporting attribute, the motor vehicle has, in this country, a future so limited and so stormy, that its present is worthy of no one's serious time or effort. Considered as a commercial possibility, as a positive cure for the congested traffic of our crowded streets, as a partial successor to the hard working horse, filth producing, disease breeding animal that he is, the future of the mechanically propelled vehicle is so vast and so certain that no man may even imagine its limitations, much less predict, them.

To the Automobile Club of America and to the wealth of its members, is America indebted for the finest specimens of the most perfectly made automobiles in all the world. These magnificent examples of mechanism have offered the American manufacturer a practical example of what others have done to perfect the automobile, and have shown him what he must at least equal, if not surpass, if he expects to occupy any other than an inferior position in the production of the new type of conveyance.

To the end that the public might be convinced that the new method of locomotion was deserving of the enthusiastic encomiums of its admirers, the past efforts of the Automobile Club of America, in the direction of speed production and endurance demonstration by these foreign vehicles, must be admitted as wise and timely measures. The public now knows all that any such demonstration can teach, and under the guidance of cheap political demagogues, it imagines it knows more about the automobile than any thing or any one could teach.

The pendulum of events is verging upon the extreme point of its swing against the automobile, and it is this which should cause a halt in the old methods and the introduction of new ones.

This is no time to ask for new legal or legislative concessions for the automobile; it is no time to defy the public or to parade the wealth of the owners of automobiles. If there ever was such a time it is past. To-day brings the automobile face to face with a condition which is as grave and as threatening as it well can be. It is this condition which the Automobile Club of America must recognize, and, if possible, overcome.

For the present the less the automobile appears as a parader, a racer, or a disregarder of public opinion or rights, the better for all concerned. In announcing that it will no longer encourage racing in any form, the Automobile Club of America has set an example which all other automobile clubs should be quick to follow. Proceeding along this same line of deference to public feeling, if the automobile club will eliminate from its membership the comparatively few owners of high-powered vehicles to whose thoughtlessness and disregard for other users of the highway is almost entirely due the present antagonism of press and public, the club will have advanced still closer to the day when the automobile will be regarded as a benefit, not as a menace to the public welfare. Let the entire energy of the organization be henceforth devoted to winning public confidence for the new vehicle. Instead of holding up the automobile as a thing which only rich men can buy and reckless ones use, let the club proceed to demonstrate the practical, the commercial, the money-saving side of motor vehicleism. Let public demonstrations and contests to this end be promoted by the club, and the result will be an immediate change in the status of the automobile and in its treatment by the press, the pulpit and the public.

With no desire to cry "wolf" when no danger is nigh, but with a due appreciation of those dangers which certainly do threaten automobiling in America to-day, we feel it our duty to call upon the Automobile Club of America to prove itself worthy of its proud position, and lead those who are prepared to follow it back to the safer paths of action from which it has been American automobilism's misfortune to have temporarily departed. The time and the necessity for action is here. Will the Automobile Club of America recognize them, or must some one else be found who will do so.

The more a horseman gets of the road the more he talks about his rights.

A Word to Correspondents

It is intended that communications from subscribers on the practical and timely subjects shall form a regular and valuable feature of the *AUTOMOBILE MAGAZINE*. One or more letters appear in each issue under the general head of "Correspondence," and serve the important purpose of arousing discussion and stimulating original thought. Never have such departments in the technical press been more beneficially used than now, and it is safe to say that whoever has something new and vital to impart will find room provided for him in advance. Sport, trade and touring subjects are alike within this scope.

That any communication goes unpublished is not necessarily an indication of its unworthiness. Whatever is addressed to any well-ordered office is carefully read and considered, but there are many reasons why an editor may not deem it expedient to print that which is in itself interesting and well written. One of these reasons may prevail: (1) the subjects may have been fully and recently discussed; (2) the communication may be overlong for departmental use and yet not permit of condensation; (3) the spirit in which the matter is treated may not be in line with the policy of the magazine, or (4) the topic not properly within its field. Articles already in hand at times preclude the acceptance of others of like nature. Communications embodying only speculative discussions will usually be declined, as will others weighted down with facts and material already familiar to regular readers. Articles which aim to advertise the writer and his own business affairs are either rejected or else pruned of these features. There are other reasons, but these are chief.

Now as to the manner of writing for publication: there are many communications which are difficult for editors, artists, and printers to handle, because written on both sides of the paper. Not long ago a good article came to this office with a sketch drawn on the opposite side of the paper from the letter. Sometimes it is worth while to work a contribution up regardless of these inconveniences, but generally it is not. Communications should therefore be written on one side only, and if a good margin can be left, the better it will be. Names of persons and places should be written or typewritten with more care than ordinary words, since the context may not be typographically correct throughout. Remarks, explanatory and otherwise, not intended for publication,

should be placed on a slip by themselves. If it is desired to have unaccepted communications returned, that fact should be stated, and a stamped, addressed envelope enclosed for that purpose.

Anonymous communications are never acceptable. If correspondents, for any reason, do not care to have their names appear in print, a note to that effect should be stated over one's true signature. At the same time, the name or initials one wishes used instead, should be supplied. Finally, inquirers will often find the special information sought after in the current advertising pages of the AUTOMOBILE MAGAZINE. Likewise, the most popular tours will soon be available through our back numbers, as the touring series now running is continuous since May. It is respectfully suggested, therefore, that the close relation existing between correspondence and advertising—especially the want columns—should be noted by the reader. Meanwhile each issue will contain a cumulative index of routes so far published.

Remedial Value of "Boards"

WE live in an age of legal guardianship. A man may no longer pare a corn, shoe a horse, trim a beard, or perform any other of a thousand and one of the minor things of life without first appearing before a board composed of political sinecurists, and by them being duly licensed and mulcted of his money.

Aside from the sinecures these boards afford their members, and the opportunity for political control of the trades or professions they are supposed to guard, we do not know that anyone, save the sinecurists, are benefited thereby.

It is now proposed that no man be allowed to run an automobile unless he has appeared before one of these boards, and had his ability as an automobilist passed upon. At the moment, when a large number of people have a severe attack of a midsummer madness, which it were mild to term motorphobia, we can readily see how the clever politician, ever on the alert for a comfortable berth for himself or his constituents, should quickly turn the public's clamor in the direction of the board cure, but we cannot so easily see how anyone, save the politician and his constituents, is to be benefited.

Granting that a board be ever so competent and incorruptible, and this granting a very great deal in the light of past experiences

with boards of examiners, how is that board, sitting in a comfortable room, going to intelligently decide upon a man's capability to control a motor vehicle properly and promptly? All that such a board could possibly do would be to ask the applicant a few stock questions about the construction, motive power, braking, steering, etc., of an automobile. But a man might know all of these and still be utterly incompetent through indecision, carelessness, or recklessness of safely taking any form of vehicle through traffic.

Suppose the board sends a man, another political gentleman several degrees lower in the political scale than a "board" member, to ride with the applicant in a motor vehicle and to report upon the applicant's qualifications as an automobilist, according to the skill shown in actual practice, what then? If the servant of the board is honest, is it likely that such a man would have the knowledge or the ability to intelligently pass upon so complex a question? In the view of past experiences is it not a fair assumption that this gentleman could not see any further through a green-back or a pull than others of his class or kind?

Laying aside all these and all other manifest defects in the board system of scorcher regeneration, and bringing the entire matter down to one of what is known as practical politics, i. e. the supremacy of pull and pelf, would not the political heeler or the friend thereof be sure of a license without any further regard for his ability than the fact that he was one "of the boys," and would not the self-consciousness of the power of his backing tend to make him utterly regardless of acquiring the necessary knowledge of the vehicle, or the exhibiting of a proper regard for the safety of the ordinary unlicensed citizen?

Would the alleged millionaire automobilist, against whom all of this foolish tirade has been chiefly aimed, find it any more difficult to purchase his license than he does his immunity from punishment, which his accusers say he buys with greatest possible ease and utter disregard of cost? We believe no one with any respect for truth and a knowledge of conditions governing the local politics of this country, can truthfully say that there is any hope of any permanent or even temporary benefit to either the public or the automobilists resulting from any board of examiners.

Had we not perfect confidence in the ultimate triumph of American common sense, we should almost be tempted to believe that the ownership of an automobile and the possession of a permit to be lynched, were closely akin. For the moment the auto-

maniacs, their supporters and their inciters are in the lead, but their prominence is only temporary. The coming of sober second thought will mark the immediate disappearance of these misrepresentatives of public opinion. Justice will then be meted out to the automobilist in accordance to his deserts, and not according to a hysterical clamor on the part of those who may dislike him and we hope the board cure will be allowed to remain untried until then.

Complaint and Cure

HUMAN nature being a pretty constant quantity, there will be reckless automobilists, just as there are reckless horsemen, and men and women everywhere whose regard for the rights of others extends not much further than the fear of penalty for violation.

On the other hand, the people who do not believe in the automobile, and there are still a few of them left, are apt to be unreasonably impatient with this new vehicle, which occasionally in the hands of the thoughtless, takes away their breath at corners and crossings, and, while assuming the right to travel with a velocity far above that of the ordinary conveyance, demands at the same time, freedom from the rules to which it must submit for the safety of other users of the highway.

We will have considerable conflict on both sides before the rules that govern the world of the motor will be settled and harmoniously accepted by both parties.

The scorcher is voted by common consent the worst kind of nuisance, and no one believes it more devoutly than those who use the automobile for moderate riding and recreation.

In order to secure the peaceful enjoyment of all parties, it will be necessary to have everywhere strict rules as to rate of speed, giving of alarms and the carrying of lanterns, adopted and enforced. A very little police supervision, and more particularly a larger attention to the prompt punishment of scorchers by automobile clubs and associations, will presently reduce motor travel to the comfortable condition of other forms of street locomotion, in which the rights of all are conserved, and accidents are the result of misfortune, not recklessness.

Taking the strict definition of "endurance," to mean the capacity to bear hardship or stress of any kind without succumbing,

we would suggest that the passage of an automobile over a hundred miles of selected roads, in seven hours or more of time, can hardly be declared a test of endurance. If those responsible for dignifying such affairs as tests of the automobile's endurance capacity were to stop and think a moment, perhaps they would see the inappropriateness of doing so. If the automobile can not, at this stage of its career, traverse a hundred miles of good roads without breaking down or receiving a ribbon for doing so, then it had better be wrapped up in cotton batting and laid away, since it is too delicate to hope of ever winning its way in the world of traffic. There is no longer any doubt of the ability of a well-built automobile doing all that can be asked of it to do under service conditions, and to dignify such a thing as a hundred mile run a "test" is to hold the vehicle, its users and its makers up to public ridicule.

The famous battery of Mr. Edison, which is to make of the electrically propelled vehicle, a thing of joy, delight, cheapness, and unequaled efficiency, has again been declared as "almost ready" for delivery to a long-expectant and more than patient public. It would afford us considerable satisfaction if we could announce that it was fulfillment of past promises, not to the making of new ones in the same direction as of yore, that Mr. Edison's friends of the press are once again so actively engaged in. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick," and if the believers in Mr. Edison's repeated promises are not sick, or even dead, the fact of their not being so is due, more to the strength of the hoppers' hearts, rather than to any realization of the many promises those who claim to speak for Mr. Edison have repeatedly made for the Wizard of Menlo Park.

Automobile touring is something that has developed wonderfully in the last year or two. Formerly the motor vehicle was a medium of pleasure within a few miles of home only, but now it is taken by vacation spenders and leisurely persons to all parts of the world. What has been accomplished in the way of road improvement during the last decade is little appreciated until one reflects upon the many places where there is good automobiling, while a year or two ago the same roadway was barely passable for any stout horse that had a wagon hitched to his harness. The influence of the good roads agitation has been more far-reaching than is imagined.



Wants to Hire a Fine Vehicle

I WANT once more to trespass upon your kindness in acting as a mentor for the automobilist who does not think he knows it all. I am desirous of hiring an automobile for the summer or for the next few months. I should require a first-class vehicle, one capable of traveling at least twenty miles per hour and seating not less than three besides the chauffeur. The vehicle will be used over a section of the country where good roads are the rule and exceptions in shape of inferior ones are rare. With the vehicle I am willing to hire the owner's man to run it, provided the man be an honest, efficient and sober one. If any of your readers have a vehicle, such as I have described above, which they do not care to use during the next few months, and will communicate with me in care of the AUTOMOBILE MAGAZINE, perhaps a mutually satisfactory arrangement for its rental may be made.
MONMOUTH, BEACH.

The gentleman who has written the above is well known and would undoubtedly purchase an automobile for his own use did the very liberal offer he makes for the temporary use of one succeed in securing him a vehicle which proved satisfactory. In any event the opportunity is here presented for some one to place a first-class vehicle, where it will not, in the parlance of the stable, "eat its head off" during the time its owner might not have any personal need for it. The gentleman's name and address can be had at this office, or any letters addressed as above will be promptly forwarded to him.—Ed.

Has Enough of Leather

Has any costume been invented to take the place of the leather coat and cap for automobilists? I find such clothing very uncomfortable on hot days. The ideal costume it would seem to me

would be one that provides for ventilation, rests lightly on the person, while being at the same time dust and water proof. I should be glad to hear if such clothing is for sale, and where.

San Francisco, Cal.

G. A. Du Bois.

Incompetence of the Owner

I HAVE noticed in the newspapers recently, a lot of stuff about licensing chauffeurs, which means, as I take it, we brothers of the wheel who make a living in the service of automobile owners, who are not always able to control or care for their vehicles. More than half the accidents which happen are brought about through the attempts of our employers to show off, and we are blamed for them. Would it not be well to first compel the owners to take out licenses? For my part I am ready to submit to an examination for a license, but don't see why we professional chauffeurs should be blamed for things which our employers do. I should like to see the opinions of my brother professionals on this matter expressed in the AUTOMOBILE MAGAZINE.

New York.

PANHARDER.

While matters may be as our correspondent states yet the records for fatal accidents for which automobiles have been responsible in New York city do not bear out the claims above made. Of a total of 16 deaths caused by automobiles here 13 were by vehicles driven at the time of the accident by professionals, while only 3 fatal accidents resulted from vehicles controlled by amateurs. These figures not only disprove the statement made by our correspondent, but they also absolutely controvert the repeated allegation of the sensational press about the murderous millionaire who with an automobile, runs down innocent people for his amusement. The facts are that of the three automobile owners who while in control of a motor vehicle have unfortunately fatally injured some one, only one can be called a millionaire. The remaining two are a doctor and a woman, neither of whom is entitled to any allegation of being a millionaire, either by expectancy or otherwise.—Ed.

Pounds and Dollars

Where can I buy a good second-hand gasoline vehicle, weighing 600 to 1,000 pounds, with a not less than 6 h. p. engine, the price not to be over \$500?

Newark, N. J.

CHARLES A. STILGER.

We don't know.—Editor.

What Edison Says

W. J. MORGAN

LAST August the writer had an interview with Thomas A. Edison in regard to the much talked of Edison battery, and at the time was informed by one of Mr. Edison's assistants that the battery would be ready in October. October has come and gone several months ago, and we are now promised the Edison battery in the sweet by-and-by, that is as soon as the present tests are completed.



A few days ago, as a representative of the AUTOMOBILE MAGAZINE I again called at West Orange to have a talk with the sage of Llewellyn Park, or "the Wizard" as he is popularly called. I had the good fortune of catching the Wizard in an automobile act, as the photograph herewith shows. It was automobile day with Mr. Edison, as he was picturing Fournier's big powered Mors, as well as Mr. Britton's Panhard for pictures which will be shown shortly in the Edison moving picture machine.

Mr. Edison asked the writer for some *AUTOMOBILE MAGAZINE* speed cards, and looking up the figures, which compute that when an auto goes a mile in 30 seconds it is going 120 miles an hour, he was asked if we will ever accomplish that speed; he immediately answered: "Yes, I believe we will. I think it is only a matter of wheel-base and power." Mr. Edison is of the opinion that a liberal wheel-base is essential to speed. In reply to a question as to the progress of his battery toward a commercial possibility, Mr. Edison said that he was doing all that could be done to hasten its production, and the present tests, he hoped, would show him that it was now right and ready for the market.

Mr. Mallory, who is Mr. Edison's manager, told the *AUTOMOBILE MAGAZINE* that much that has been written in the papers about the Edison battery was without authority or foundation, which had made Mr. Edison chary of talking to reporters. Mr. Mallory stated that the two Edison battery factories at Glen Ridge and Silver Lake, N. J., were hard at work making battery parts and chemicals.

There is no doubt whatever that the frequent Edison announcements have materially damaged the electric vehicle business, and the writer thinks it well to call attention to the more or less incomplete statements about the Edison battery and the lack of definite promise for the future by the Edison people. So it seems that it is unwise to put off purchasing an electric carriage, if the sole reason for putting it off is the prospective Edison battery promises. If Mr. Edison places a battery on the market it is to be hoped it will be all right and it goes without saying that the reading public has a large amount of blind faith in whatever Mr. Edison says or is purported to have said. As an instance of this blind faith Mr. Mallory told me that after the Associated Press announcements about the battery, fully \$30,000 was sent to Mr. Edison through the mails as advance payments on the to-be battery.

Rouse, Ye Slaves!

"We are glad to welcome you to our ranks," said the Socialist. "By the way, how did you, a man rich enough to pay thousands of dollars for a luxury like an automobile, come to join anti-monopolists like we are? You felt the iron heel of oligarchy, I suppose?"

"Yes, indeed I did," replied the new member, "I had a little business with a tire repairer last week."



First In Durango

ROADS are not of the best in Mexico. What transportation possibilities there lack in ease, however, they more than make up in novelty. Among the few residents of Mexico who are not inclined to believe that the burro and his half brother the mule, are the highest possible types of transport, is Andrew Evans, who has large mining interests near the city of Durango.



When he had made up his mind that for an American the native transport service was just a trifle slow, Mr. Evans looked around for a substitute for the burro and the mule, and finally decided that an automobile was just about what was wanted. After the usual amount of investigation, Mr. Evans finally selected the vehicle here shown, and so far has had no occasion to regret pinning his faith to the Gasmobile, which was his choice.

When one takes a look at the roads seen in the pictures and then learns that Mr. Evans has negotiated a hundred miles of them in four hours, it is not easy to decide which is the most wonderful, the ability of the driver or that of the vehicle.

Speaking of his first appearance in the city of Durango, where nothing in the shape of a motor vehicle had ever been seen, Mr. Evans writes:

"You ought to have seen the excitement. The crowd was so great and so bent on seeing the vehicle that I could not reach my hotel by the direct route, but was forced to take a roundabout course and rid myself of my admirers by literally running them off their feet. Thousands of people followed me as long as they could, all shouting and waving their hats and mantillas. For a little while I certainly was the biggest man in Durango."

When the Doubter Awakes

"It's naught but a fad," says the sceptic,
"And will soon disappear from our sight."
But he don't stop to think of the changes
Time may make in its powe, and its might.
The automobile is too good a thing
To be affected by wind or by rain;
And the sceptic will wake up some morning
To find he's been dreaming again."

A Counter Proposition

"Young man," said the parson, when on a recent Sunday he came across a scorcher who had stopped to replenish his own and his vehicle's tank, "do you know you are rapidly traveling the road that leads to destruction."

"Well, then," replied the tanker, glancing admiringly at his conveyance now ready for him to mount and away, "why don't you pitch in and help to give us good roads."

His Grievance was Great

"Durn these here automobiles!" said the man with the sun-burned suit, round shoulders and long beard. "I guess I've gone a-runnin' up to no less'n a dozen crowds, 'spectin' to see a fight, and only found some fellows doctorin' them motors or turnin' a crank to make her go."

The Man and the Machine

TO be an Olds and to be the oldest oldster in the building of gasoline engines in this country is an honor to be proud of. Such is the good fortune of Ransom E. Olds, vice-president and general manager of the Olds Motor Works, and the patentee of the now famous Oldsmobile, a vehicle which has had the compliment said it of being more widely imitated than any other American automobile. As far back as 1896, Mr. Olds took out his first patent on a motor vehicle, though almost ten years before, to be exact, in 1887, he had built a three wheeled, steam driven carriage which caused no end of talk among those who came from far and near to see it. In 1892 Mr. Olds built another steam vehicle incorporating therein a number of improvements he had found necessary through his experience with his 1887 model.

Though the firm of Olds & Son were turning out gasoline engines in 1885, and Mr. Olds was building automobiles in 1887, it was not until the company was reorganized in 1899, that building of the present type of gasoline automobiles was seriously undertaken. The new organization was known as the Olds Motor Works and began with the election of the present officers: Mr. S. L. Smith, president; Mr. R. E. Olds, vice-president and general manager; and Mr. F. L. Smith, secretary and treasurer. The reorganization provided what seemed to be ample facilities for taking care of the business, but the enormous demand and unprecedented popularity of the Oldsmobile soon necessitated a third plant at Lansing, Mich., some idea of the size of which may be gained from the fact that the main building is 600 x 110 feet. The plant is surrounded by 56 acres of land, a portion of which is laid out as a park with a half mile race course, all belonging to the Olds Motor Works. The total floor space now operated in the Olds factories is over 6½ acres, making them, according to their owners, the largest concern of the kind in the world. Nothing succeeds like success and the popularity of the Oldsmobile is an unusually fine example of the truth of this.

An Artistic Little Book

As a rule, trade literature smacks too much of the shop to appeal to the ordinary reader. An excellent example of all avoidance of this is shown in the new catalogue of the Winton Motor Carriage Co. Between the artistic covers of this little book from Cleveland is told the story of the Winton car in a way which is both entertaining and instructive. The compilers, and their assistants, the artist and the printer, are to be congratulated upon the success they have achieved in breaking away from the usual cut and dried, dry-as-dust announcement of a motor vehicle.

Worthy of its Name and Makers

THE Rambler Automobile bids fair to be as well known as the bicycle of that name, which was made by the man who now makes the Rambler Automobile at Kenosha, Wis. Thomas B. Jeffery and his two sons, Charles and Harold, are the men behind the motor that goes into the Rambler construction, and a right good motor it is, too. Recently an AUTOMOBILE MAGAZINE man was given a whirl through Central Park, and just to show that the Rambler was as good as its name, the demonstrator, Gaston Plain-tiff (who represents H. C. Squires & Sons, New York Agents), made numerous climbs and dives among the Mount Pelee-like streets of upper Manhattan. The Rambler did nobly, and its six



Couple of Float Feed Failures

H. P. single cylinder motor behaved in a most satisfactory fashion. The Rambler is faster than the makers claim it to be.

This Sparking Plug Sparks

One of the most tantalizing things that many automobilists have had to contend with in the past has been the bad sparking plug. Arthur R. Mosler, a relative of the safe man of that name, has produced a safe plug and stepped into the breach. Mr. Mosler has made good his promise to bring out a satisfactory plug, which he has named the Spit-Fire Plug and it is finding a large sale among automobile, marine and stationary engine owners. The plug uses the jump spark ignition, and is constructed in a different manner from most of the plugs on the market. It can be fitted to any automobile, provided the size and thread are given. No cement is used in the construction of the Spit-Fire Plug and the sparking points are thoroughly protected. The center sparking point is made of a nickel steel alloy which will not oxidize.

Why Prescotts Prosper

WHEN Frank W. Weston, who is the Metropolitan selling agent for the Fisk tires, and sole distributor of Barwest Coaster Brakes, concluded to make automobiles, he very happily chose the pretty little town of Passaic, N. J., and persuaded the well known enameline manufacturer, A. L. Prescott, the Passaic capitalist, to finance the enterprise. Recently Mr. Weston gave an AUTOMOBILE MAGAZINE man an invitation to see what the Prescott steamer could do between Newark and Passaic. The start was made from the New Jersey Automobile headquarters at Newark. At Belleville, seven and a half miles from Passaic, a watch was put on the time, and when the little steamer drew up at the factory in Passaic, only 15 minutes had elapsed, which, considering the fact that no record-breaking was attempted, is very good time.

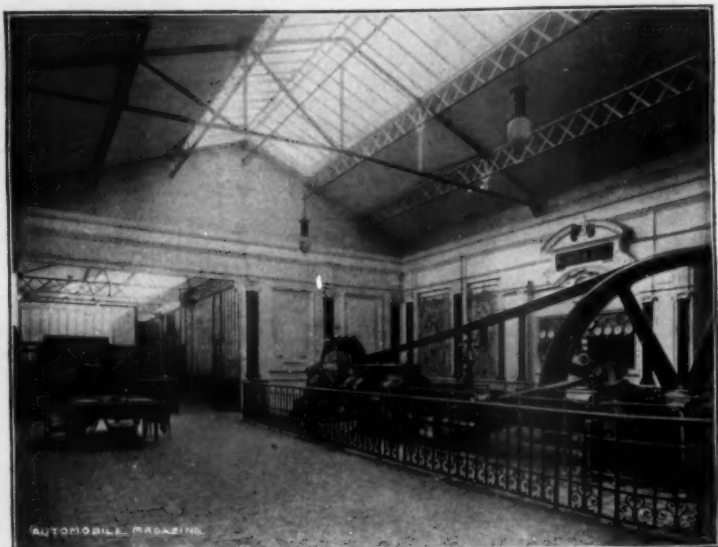


Prescott with Convertible Seat

Harry M. Wells, superintendent and vice-president of the Prescott Automobile Manufacturing Co., assisted his brother W. H. in explaining things about the factory plant, which is an unusually fine one and well equipped for turning out Prescott vehicles in a fashion which warrants they will stay sold. Mr. Prescott said that it was his intention to make the Prescott vehicle as well known as he had made the enameline that he manufactures, which preparation, by the bye, his daughter, who recently returned from a tour around the world, had seen in Europe, Asia and Africa, while enameline signs were plentiful in Pretoria, Melbourne, St. Petersburg, Vienna, Paris and London. It is the wish of the Prescott Company that their vehicles become known as being extra well made, rather than for their low price, hence the utmost care is taken in their construction and designing.

Where Diplomacy Is Needed

THE victories of the Darracq vehicles on the Continent and in America have resulted in a regular rush of buyers. F. A. La Roche, who is the sole sales manager for the American Darracq Automobile Co., at 652 Hudson street, New York city, is in consequence fast developing into a real diplomat, something of this kind being absolutely necessary to prevent those who think that an



The Parlor-Like Engine Room at the Darracq Plant

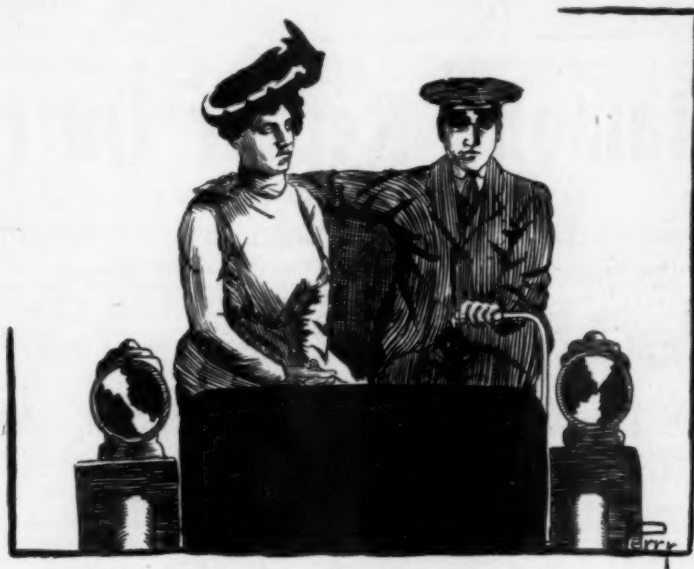
automobile can be built in a moment and delivered in an hour from being unduly disappointed when their thoughts and the facts do not agree.

The Spark That Tells

When Dr. Lehwiss planned his famous trip around the world in an automobile he knew that nothing but the best of everything would enable him to accomplish it. So he went to France for the vehicle, and Panhard produced the famous *Passe-partout*; to England for the banknotes to pay for it all and to America for the Motsinger Device Mfg. Co.'s auto sparker, without which neither the genius of the Frenchman or the gold of the Englishman could make the famous *Passe-partout* proceed on her way.

An Electrical Newcomer

AMONG the latest comers in the field of the electric vehicle are the Centaur Motor Vehicle Company of Buffalo, who have produced a carriage which shows that it has been designed by experts and built by competent workmen. The new carriage is equipped with four forward speeds and one reverse, ranging from four to fifteen miles per hour, with stock batteries sufficient to develop sixty miles, on pavements, from one charge. In the general appointments of the carriages, the makers say they will furnish nothing but the



Evidences of Defective Sparking.

very highest quality in point of materials and workmanship. The equipment will include all the modern appurtenances, such as ammeters, convenient electric bulbs to furnish light to all parts of the vehicle, charging plugs and cable, hoods, etc. Withal, while it would be but natural for the makers to claim superiority, it does seem as though the Centaur electric has all the known practical advantage of other similar types of vehicles and some which others have not. For example the purchaser can choose any battery which he may think is the best, the makers being only anxious to please him, not themselves.



1. THE OUTFIT COMPLETE.



3. INSERTING RUBBER IN PUNCTURE.

Diamond Repair Outfit

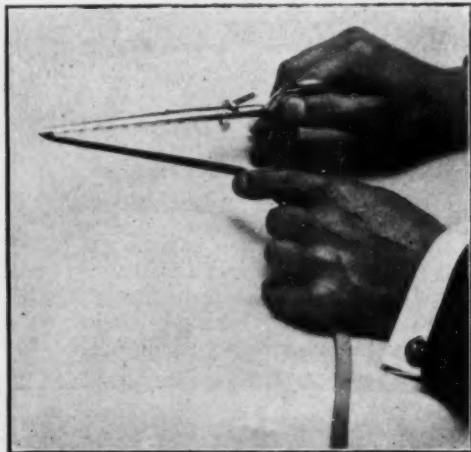
SOUND ADVICE:

IN PRICE IT'S LOW IN SIMPLICITY IT'S A MARVEL IN RESULTS IT'S POSITIVE

What has there been wanting during the past three years to make single tube Automobile Tires more satisfactory? We will tell you. A repair outfit which would successfully close a puncture in a few minutes and make a permanent repair. The owners of machines object to removing tires and sending them away to be vulcanized for the reason that they lose the use of the machine, and it is an expensive method of repairing. We have a device that anyone can use successfully and it should surely stimulate the use of single tube Automobile Tires. We shall be glad to furnish a complete outfit for \$2.00 and ship it to you on trial to be returned if unsatisfactory.

The Diamond Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

BRANCHES—NEW YORK, 1717 Broadway. PHILADELPHIA, 435 North Broad. NEW YORK, 15 Warren St.
CHICAGO, 431 Wabash Ave. BOSTON, 234 Congress St. SAN FRANCISCO, 8 Beale St. BUFFALO, 41
Court St. DENVER, 1662 Broadway. DETROIT, 110 Woodward Ave.



2. ATTACHING RUBBER TO INSERTING TOOL.



4. TRIM RUBBER AND JOB IS FINISHED.

In answering advertisements please mention THE AUTOMOBILE MAGAZINE.

INDEX TO ADVERTISERS

	PAGE		PAGE
Adam Cook's Sons.....	27	International Motor Car Co.....	28 and 29
American Darracq Auto. Co.....	7	Jackson & Schmelzel.....	7
American Rubber Works.....	16	Jeffery Co., Thos. B.....	13
Audel, Theo. & Co.....	20	Jones, Phineas. & Co.....	8
Automobile Co. of America.....	19	Keim, John R.....	4 and 6
Automobile Construction Co.....	28	King, P. S., & Son.....	29
Automobile Exchange.....	26	Locomobile Company of America.....	14
Baker Motor Vehicle Co.....	2	Mason Regulator Co.....	29
Beardsley & Hubbs Mfg. Co.....	31	Midgley Mfg. Co.....	31
Books—"Construction of a Gasoline Motor Vehicle.".....	10	Mosler, Arthur R.....	21
Bowser, S. F.....	20	Motsinger Device Mfg. Co.....	26
Brennan Mfg. Co.....	25	Munger Automobile Tire Co.....	32
Brooks Brothers.....	17	National Sewing Machine Co.....	6
Buffalo Auto & Auto-Bi Co.....	11	New Jersey Automobile Co.....	8
Century Motor Vehicle Co.....	22	New York Automobile Repository.....	2
Champion Automobile Co.....	25	Ohio Automobile Co.....	19
Clark Tire Co.....	9	Olds Motor Works.....	24
Condon, G. W.....	25	Otto Gas Engine Works.....	4
Conrad Motor Carriage Co., The.....	10	Peerless M'fg Co.....	21
Covert, B. V.....	28	Post & Lester Co.....	27
Crest Mfg. Co.....	17	Prescott Auto. Mfg. Co.....	23
Dasey, P. J.....	26	Printers' Ink.....	10
Dayton Elec. Mfg. Co.....	10	Rambler Automobiles.....	13
Desberon Motor Car Co.....	2	Reading Automobile and Gear Co.....	27
Diamond Rubber Co.....	638	Rutenber Mfg. Co.....	8
Dixon Crucible Co.....	26	St. Louis Motor Carriage Co.....	9
Duff Mfg. Co.....	3d Cover	Sargent Company.....	15
Eastman Kodak Co.....	2	Smith-Mabley.....	3d Cover
Electric Vehicle Co.....	13	Spaulding Automobile and Motor Co.....	5
Fischer, Alexander.....	31	Storage, Repair and Charging Stations, 17, 19, 21, 23, 25	
Flisk Rubber Co.....	27	Tonkin Boiler Co.....	7
Fournier-Searchmont Auto Co.....	29	Touring Department.....	12
Friedman Automobile Co.....	6	Visco Oils.....	18
G. & J. Tire Co.....	8	Weston-Mott Co.....	15
Gleason-Peters Air Pump Co.....	31	Whittlesey, Geo. P.....	26
Hall Mfg. Co.....	20	Williams, E. Q.....	29
Hartford Rubber Works.....	4th Cover	Winton Motor Carriage Co.....	23
Haynes-Apperson Co.....	3		
Hemphill, A. J.....	30		
Henricks Novelty Co.....	28		

Carriages to Be Proud of

The Automobile Co., of America, Marion, N. J., are justly proud of a new 25 H. P. wagonette they have just completed for a gentleman in Utica, N. Y. One of the features of which is an extra phaeton body, permitting the carriage to seat six, or even eight people on a squeeze. The price, \$5,000, seems reasonable enough when compared with the prices asked for other vehicles, either of American or foreign make. The A. of A. company have also recently shipped a particularly stylish vehicle to B. M. Shanley, the well-known Newark, N. J. contractor. Things are looking up at the Automobile Co. of America factory these days, and the Manager, E. C. Kryder, intimates that an announcement will shortly be made which will prove of considerable interest, both to the trade and to the public.

What Diamonds Do

One of the surprises of the tire world in the last year or so has been the wonderful phoenix-like rise of the Diamond Rubber Co., of Akron, Ohio. Ever since Walter B. Hardy, the former manager of the Revere Rubber Co., of Boston, took charge of the Diamond plant and made William B. Miller, who was the Buffalo Revere branch secretary, the name "Diamond" as applied to tires, whether bicycle, carriage or automobile, as well as belting, hose and packing has been a standard of excellence. The instantaneous business-like decision of the company's officers was fittingly illustrated when the New York branch went up in smoke, and inside of three days its successor was in full swing doing business just as though burning up was an every day affair. The Diamond Rubber Co. has a good share of the automobile business and deserves it.

Like a Cannon Shot

It is not often that a college student has the time, the talent and the inclination to build an automobile, when however, one does combine all these the result is worth attention. During his hours of leisure at Harvard, George Cannon, a student has constructed a steam carriage upon original lines. Just to show that he knew what he was about Mr. Cannon took his carriage to Charles River track and knocked the five mile record for steam vehicles into a cocked hat, reeling off the five in 8.26½. Mr. Cannon is modest over his success and attributes no small credit therefor to the excellent qualities of the Mason engine which he uses.

Asked and Answered

"How much are sparking plugs?"

"A dollar and a half."

"What do you charge a dollar and a half for?"

"Sparking plugs."

